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ACCORDING to assurances reaching this country from many sources, the German retort to the last American note will be "conciliatory." Judging by the sinking of the Armenian, the German desire to conciliate the United States must not be allowed to interfere with the practice of killing Americans in the war zone. Discussion of the bearing of the Armenian case upon the controversy, however, must be postponed until a full investigation of the facts has been made. In any event, the tension of American public opinion has been very much relaxed. It is believed that war will be avoided. Apparently the less bellicose faction in the German imperial counsels is at least temporarily in the ascendant. Some acceptable compromise may be offered to the American government. If the Germans are willing to make sacrifices to avoid war with the United States we should do something to help them. But the Germans must not misinterpret this American assistance. They should clearly understand that even though sacrifices are made to avoid war, the sinking of the Lusitania no less than the sinking of the Maine will be remembered. It is bound to make a grave difference in the subsequent relations between the two countries. The German government planned with the utmost premeditation to kill over one hundred inoffensive American citizens, who were behaving as they had moral and legal right to behave. To the American protest the Germans have kindly consented to return a "conciliatory" answer. Let us by all means be conciliatory, too, in order that we ourselves may not get involved in the killing. But the negotiations will not affect our opinion of the people who did the thing or of the people who approve it. The opinion will survive; and some day it will count.

WHILE American public opinion has settled down to the comfortable conclusion that war with Germany will be avoided, there is very little consideration of the sacrifices which must be made in the interest of peace. Yet these sacrifices will be difficult. An agreement with Germany is plainly impossible unless the government is prepared to waive some of the rights which its citizens now enjoy under the law of nations. President Wilson has demanded of Germany practically that the submarines operate subject to the rule of visit and search. Their operation under such restrictions would so seriously hamper the effectiveness of the submarine campaign that it might just as well be abandoned. The Germans assuredly will not abandon it unless they can secure thereby a revocation of the British Order-in-Council—an alternative which may be dismissed from the realm of practical consideration. But if the Germans will not agree to operate their submarines subject to the rule of visit and search, they will probably propose to exempt a certain class of vessels from the danger of submarine bombardment. They will propose to guarantee the safety of passengers on boats which do not carry munitions of war. Can this compromise be accepted? If it is accepted, certain valuable neutral rights will be abandoned; and with their abandonment the American government will lose the benefit which it has hitherto enjoyed in

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its negotiations with all the belligerents, of a scrupulously correct legal attitude. Yet if it is not accepted, the chance of reaching an agreement between the two countries fades almost entirely away.

THE seriousness of the dilemma indicated in the preceding paragraph can scarcely be underestimated. The advantages of a strictly legal attitude are clear and enormous. International law is the shelter which pacific trading nations have built up against belligerent encroachments, and if any part of this shelter is abandoned the whole frail structure is imperilled. When one considers the meaning and value of such a shelter, one is inclined to echo the New York *World* in the uncompromising assertion that "no American right should be sacrificed in behalf of any belligerent." But what if the belligerents pay no attention to our uncompromising assertion of neutral rights? What if our strict legality of attitude forces us to choose between eating our own words and backing them up with deeds? What if strict neutrality involves us in war, as it did one hundred years ago, and in a war which would necessitate the abandonment of our controversy with Great Britain in order to press our controversy with Germany? Truly in that case the basic principles of American national policy will require reconsideration. If strict insistence upon legal rights is going to involve us in war, the question must be asked whether these rights are worth fighting for. No matter how hard Americans try, they seem unable to escape the necessity of painting their neutrality with some more positive color. Some of us want to paint it red, and some of us want to paint it white. Our own preference would be for the "deep purple."

IN our issue of May twenty-ninth we drew attention to a hideous advertisement by the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company. It described a poisonous shell. Newspapers all over the world commented on the advertisement, and despatches from Germany even profess to quote army surgeons who have dealt with the wounds inflicted by this shell. From the first we had our doubts about that advertisement, and we are happy to state now on the most detailed information that the advertisement was a sheer blunder, due to a printer mistaking for advertising copy the manuscript of a news article which had no reference to any product of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company. The following letter from the president of the company, Mr. Arthur L. Garford, tells the essential points:

> Sir: Through a deplorable error, an advertisement of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company in the *American Machinists' Magazine* of New York, May sixth, was combined with a news item making it appear that the company of which I am president was producing a new and barbarous acid shell. The correction has already appeared in the *American Machinists,* and in view of your justified editorial condemnation of the sale of such weapons, may I ask you to publish the statement that neither the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company nor any other concern with which I am connected is making or has ever made or dealt in any shells, shrapnel, or other weapons or ammunition of any character whatsoever.
>
> This statement is, of course, subject to verification, which I shall be glad to submit at your request.
>
> (Signed) A. L. GARFORD.

We have the information which supports Mr. Garford's statement, but Mr. Garford's letter is enough. Our hope is that this correction will be as widely noticed as the original comment.

ACCORDING to Cardinal Gibbons, "the ballot would drag woman from her domestic duties into the arena of politics, and rob her of much of her charm, goodness and true influence. She is, indeed, a princess, but her God-given rule should lie in domestic and gentler fields and ways." Such remarks are useful only in anti-suffrage controversy, where anything seems to be good enough. In other fields they might sound less relevant. Saleswomen, approaching their employer through a delegation, and informing him that such long hours robbed them of too much of their charm, goodness and true influence, might find him unsympathetic. Your cook would surprise you if she based her demand for more than every other Sunday out upon the fact that she was a princess. Your laundress, when you reproach her for a policy of frightfulness in her warfare upon your evening shirts, might not be wholly successful if she answered, "Mine is a God-given rule." Unless these things are thoroughly understood Cardinal Gibbons's words may do harm. Their applicability, such as it is, is only to woman regarded as voting or not voting. Applied to the rest of life they mean even less.

NOT all of us will celebrate Independence Day with untroubled minds. Men will ask what we have done with our freedom. They will look into mills and mines and sweatshops, and they will shake their heads. Even though they grant that a larger number of people have found liberty here than ever elsewhere in history, the stark minorities of the oppressed will dull their satisfaction. Free, they will say, but free for what? To the minds of others the war will have brought a question still more perplexing. They will ask whether the new time has not brought the need of a new declaration —a declaration of interdependence of mankind. It will be a poor Fourth if either of these ideas is forgotten—a shameful Fourth if we celebrate a freedom which millions of men, women and chil-

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dren are denied, or if we use the day to glorify an isolation which all sanity knows to be myth and all faith knows to be a sin.

IF you were to throw a stone into a crowded street of this town you would not hit a native-born New Yorker, but somebody from California or Poland or eastern Rumelia or western Pennsylvania. The policeman who arrested you for this sociological experiment would probably be a native of Ireland, and the small boys who enjoyed your plight would be foreign, at least in extraction. You would scarcely meet an unhyphenated New Yorker through the whole unfortunate affair; in fact, you would wonder whether there were any. But that there are native sons is evidenced by the recent organization of The New York Society of the City of New York. Its founders cannot see why a real New Yorker should starve while imported ones are holding banquets in memory of the states and nations they loved and left. The object of the society is to point out the advantages of having one's ancestors born in our largest city; to be eligible one must be old enough to remember when English was spoken on lower Fifth Avenue. "New Yorkers for New York" is its modest motto. Humanity which revels in forlorn hopes and last ditches will admire this intrepid little Knickerbocker band.

THE University of Pennsylvania is a private institution not very heavily endowed. It receives funds from the state—in 1915 an appropriation of $1,000,000. But the University is governed by a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, gentlemen who are directly affiliated with the large financial interests of Philadelphia. On January 4, 1914, the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia stated in general terms that there was friction at the Wharton School, and that Professors Nearing and Clyde King might be dismissed. A number of the trustees denied the rumor the next day, but Roswell McCrea, dean of the Wharton School, stated that "there is no question about the open hostility toward Dr. Nearing and Dr. King on the part of certain interests." Philadelphia papers have since reported a number of cases in which liberal professors at the Wharton School have been hampered by the trustees. For example, Dr. Ward Pierson, Assistant Professor of Commercial Law, was recommended for promotion by the faculty in April, 1911. The promotion was blocked by Provost Smith, who charged that Dr. Pierson had tried to extort $1,000 from the father of a University student. It was a libel which Provost Smith was compelled to retract, confessing that he had not investigated his information. But Dr. Pierson was not promoted. Dr. Pierson has been very active in the fight for better coal rates for Philadelphia. He was counsel in the suit before the Public Service Commission against the coal-carrying railroads. The Reading Railway and other railway companies are represented on the Board of Trustees of the Wharton School. One adverse vote by a trustee is enough to prevent promotion. These facts are from the Philadelphia *North American.*

DR. THOMAS CONWAY, JR., is Assistant Professor of Finance at the Wharton School. In 1911 he published in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science an article on "Decreasing Financial Returns Upon Urban Street Railways," which laid the low returns to wildcat finance rather than to insufficient revenues. A few months later Dr. Conway was unanimously recommended for promotion to a full professorship by the Wharton School faculty. Provost Smith opposed him, stating that his article was grossly inaccurate and unscientific. At this time the trustees, Mr. Randal Morgan and Mr. Joseph Levering Jones, interested in street railways, were the objects of civil suits for certain transactions. Dr. Conway's promotion was vetoed. In October, 1911, a committee of the American Street and Inter-Urban Electric Railway Association, which consists of officials and experts drawn from the whole country, made a report "supporting Dr. Conway's position in its entirety, and accepting his proposed remedies almost in verbatim form." (Philadelphia *North American.*) Provost Smith was compelled to retract and admit Dr. Conway's scholarship. But Dr. Conway's promotion was still vetoed.

THE general Alumni Society of Pennsylvania University speaks through the *Alumni Register,* and as THE NEW REPUBLIC has pointed out several times, it speaks in a manner worthy of the stone age. In February, 1914, it egged on the trustees to action by referring to them as "courageous" enough to stand against such "whims" as "social justice" which impairs "the equal guarantees for the rights of all citizens." A year later, in February, 1915, the *Alumni Register* deplored public activity by professors. Dr. Scott Nearing had been active in his denunciation of low wages, and on the issue of child labor had honorably earned many enemies. Dr. King had served the Blankenburg administration well in questions relating to lighting service. As a result of Dr. King's work the city's Gas Bureau adopted scientific tests, and heavy penalties had been imposed upon the Welsbach Street Lighting Company, a subsidiary of the United Gas Improvement Company, for not having furnished the amount of candle power it had contracted to give. Trustee Randal Morgan is vice-

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president of the United Gas Improvement Company. It is an open secret that Dr. King's hold on his position has been very precarious. These may be nothing but coincidences, and several others could be added. But they produce the picture of a University in which the governing power is in the hands of a close corporation of men financially interested in the perpetuation of certain economic doctrines, who have the power of appointment, promotion and dismissal over teachers of economics without trial, without hearing, and without public notice.

HAS nobody in the United States ever written a love lyric? Somebody in one of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's dialogues says we never have, and his explanation is that we would if we could but we can't. The true explanation is that we haven't got round to it. At Chicago the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have been having a convention, to which the American delegates were chiefly lyric poets. The most lyric of them all was Mr. James Keeley, editor of the Chicago *Herald*. "The printed word, the engraver's acid, the artist's pen and the chemist's pigment," said he, "all have placed themselves in your purposeful hand to do duty in your world work of enlightment. Lead on, white light of truth! You"—meaning the other lyric delegates—" you are the prophets of ambition and desire. . . . Those who reap the weedless fields of honesty gather golden harvests." What is lacking in Mr. Keeley's equipment as a singer of love? Nothing but subject and metre. Once let the opinion get abroad and grow strong that it pays to advertise love, and our advertisers will turn out such lyric love copy as will make Sappho read like a suburban time-table.

THE National Association of Manufacturers has a simple and moving explanation why children leave school at the age of fourteen to go to work. Some unimaginative people have thought it was because the school did nothing to direct their energies and so drove them restless into the real world. The Association, in a recent report of its Committee on Industrial Education, puts it all on a higher plane, quoting Carlisle to the effect that "all true work is sacred. In all true work, be it true hand labor, there is something divine." The report continues in a burst of really religious fervor —"In the impulse of the adolescent child to go to work at fourteen there is, after all, a searching for the divine. In the child's hunger for the world of work is a true reflection of that Infinite Spirit which in the seven days made the world." It is people who talk like this who feel themselves competent to direct the movement for vocational education in this country, who are persuading legislatures to let them organize boards of industrial education to direct separately the vocational work. We can only hope for the manufacturer's sake that no American child will feel any naughty ironic contrast between reaching out for the Infinite Spirit and finding a job in the factories of the N. A. M.

STATE aid for industrial courses has the heartiest support of the N. A. M. They are not at all averse to having the cost of training their skilled workmen and apprentices taken over, free of charge to them, by the public schools. Another way of relieving the manufacturer of the heavier costs of industrial progress has been discovered in the Industrial Fellowship which a recent bulletin of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh reports as a great success, both there and at the University of Kansas. The manufacturer creates a Fellowship, and sends young experts to make researches in the University laboratory. The University thus puts its resources at the service of the public; the manufacturer avoids the necessity of conducting costly laboratories of his own for the improvement of his product. The only flaw in the scheme is that whatever discoveries are made become the immediate patented private property of the manufacturer. The expert gets a small bonus and his "education." The public must be content with what the bulletin amiably calls "a permanent asset to the human race."

Retribution

NO one can be more tired than the reformer of the perpetual cry that disaster is the price of competitive anarchy. For at least a generation radicals in England have been arguing that industry conducted as a scramble for profits was a menace to the country. They pointed to the normal horrors of peace, they painted pictures of what might be, and were put down as theorists who did not comprehend the sacred mysteries of business. They were treated as the trustees of Pennsylvania's university or the New York *Times* would like them to be treated. And now in this hour of peril—the prophecies of the reformers are fulfilled with an accuracy so swift that it must have made them gasp. They themselves could hardly have realized how dramatically a few months of war would reveal the sins of the thoughtless peace which preceded it.

At last the rulers of England have had driven into their heads the old axiom of social reform that industry exists not for profit but for service. The

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service in this case happens to be the service of war, whereas the reformers had been thinking of the service of human happiness. But a service it is, with a definite national purpose, a service which subordinates business to the needs of the nation. To their dismay the English are discovering that a business anarchy which never served any purpose, which was simply an individual struggle of caprice, habit, accident, privilege and speculation, cannot suddenly be transformed into an organization national in scope to serve a definite end. England's despair at this moment is the price of an unsocialized business system. She has neither the education, nor the tradition, nor the cooperative training for using her immense industrial resources. She has not the technical skill, the collective habits, the trained administrators, the industrial statesmen, nor the social goodwill to carry out her plans. England is suffering at this moment for the lack of those very things which the social reformers have begged her to secure. Mr. Lloyd George rises in the House of Commons saying, "If I could lay my hands on an adequate supply of skilled labor I would double in a few weeks our supply of machine guns." An adequate supply of skilled labor! What is it that the advocates of vocational training have been pleading for except just such a generalized technical education as would make the people of a country able to adapt themselves quickly to new processes? England not only lacks skilled labor; she has misdirected the labor she has. At the beginning of the war when the army and navy needed recruits and equipment, they actually competed with each other. Men were enlisted to fight in Flanders where skill was needed for building ships or mining coal. So deep had become the habit of private competition that the two fighting arms of the empire acted toward each other like two employers who steal each other's trade and workmen. These are instances among many which show how the war is exacting payment for the evils of peace.

In the June number of that excellent British quarterly, *The Round Table,* the whole industrial record is stated with entire frankness. The story may be recommended to all those short-sighted persons who can learn only from disasters; who, like the rulers of England, need a war in order to learn the platitudes of reform. If only these people will see that England is suffering what we should suffer in her place, if only they will remember that these evils are normal to peace, their knowledge will prove immeasurably valuable to our own future.

England began by trying to forget about the industrial conflict. There were patriotic appeals for a "truce" and for "national unity." But the cleavages of class and interest were too real to be covered by mere enthusiasm. There was all sorts of trouble, and finally, on February eighth in the House of Commons, Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary of War, took public notice of the labor problem. His words are of historic interest; they deserve to be inscribed on trade-union banners and flaunted in the face of all complacency:

> If I might address myself to my honorable friends below the gangway (the Labor members) I would appeal to them to help us, the Government, to organize the forces of labor.

In those words a great empire confessed that the trade unions are not impertinences to be fought, not outrageous monopolies to be crushed, but institutions which a modern state cannot do without. It was asking the unions to do what for a century they have fought for the right to do; it was asking them to organize labor in the service of the whole community. The union had been "recognized" with a vengeance.

But the invitation was a bit sudden, and the task gigantic. Moreover, the trade unionists suspected a joker in the invitation, for Mr. Tennant asked them in the next breath to relax their union rules, and to recruit for industry workers "not of military age and physique." He was asking them to begin their imperial service by abandoning at one stroke the fruits of a century's agitation, and he offered no more than a verbal promise that after the war the old conditions would be restored. When American newspaper editors become impatient with the British workmen because they do not make the sacrifice without hesitation, some effort should be made to realize what an enormous sacrifice it is. It means hazarding employment itself, it means risking the bare necessities of life, not only now but after the war is over. Workmen may well be forgiven if even in the midst of a war they are not eager to throw away that pitiable minimum of civilization which is their share in the empire.

If Mr. Tennant had gone to the landlords, the investors, and the bankers with an equivalent offer, what would have been their answer? Suppose he had said, "If I might address myself to my honorable friends above the gangway, I would appeal to them to help us, the Government, to organize the economic forces of the country," and had then proceeded to suggest that they relax for the period of the war the payment of rent, interest, and dividends, giving them at the same time nothing but a verbal promise that after the war things would return to the old condition. Would the landlords and shareholders have rushed to the War Office to deposit their title deeds, their bonds and their stocks? That is the kind of sacrifice that was asked of labor.

On March fifth Mr. Tennant had an interview with a deputation from the union of Shop Assist-

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ants, Warehousemen and Clerks. Mr. Turner, secretary of the union, "wanted to know what would become of the women when the war was over, for employers ought to give a guarantee to reinstate the men who had enlisted." Mr. Tennant, "having acknowledged the patriotic way in which shop assistants had already enlisted, said the Government could not guarantee their reinstatement after the war. It was a matter for the employers, but he would bring the question before the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee to see if they could get employers to give some guarantee." The old habit of asking sacrifices from the men and favors from the employers, the old notion of the business man as supreme in industry, still haunted the British Government, and mocked its appeals to labor.

At the same time, while workingmen were asked not to strike for higher wages, the cost of living had risen. On February eleventh Mr. Asquith stated that the wholesale prices of wheat, flour and sugar were between 72 per cent and 75 per cent higher than in February, 1914. Retail food prices, as a whole, were between 20 per cent and 24 per cent higher than those of the month of July—the last month of peace. And these July prices, as Mr. Snowden, the Socialist M.P., pointed out, were 16½ per cent over those of 1900. This meant that a wage of five dollars a week in 1900 was worth in February, 1915, about $3.50. After February the prices of food were still rising.

Together with this advance in cost came reports of enormous war profits. Yet the cooperative societies, which are workingmen's institutions, resisted the temptation to advance prices. An official of these societies writes that a firm of millers at Cardiff made $1,850,000 profit—over $5,000 a day—on a capital of $5,000,000, while the Cooperate Wholesale Society, with the biggest mills in the world, made about $3,750,000 profit for the year on a turnover of $175,000,000. And those profits of course went back to the consumers. On April 27, 1915, the London *Times* states that Messrs. Spillers and Bakers (Ltd.), millers of Cardiff, made profits of $1,840,000, as against $445,000 the year before.

These facts were not calculated to allay the workman's old suspicion that whenever there is sacrificing to be done he is offered a special opportunity to shine. What he must have seen was that the war had simply intensified all the old evils he knew so well. Prices up, profits up, hours up, wages down, and now he was expected to give up his trade-union rules, the one protection between him and a servility more immediate than anything the Germans had yet offered to him. For let no one forget that the exploited worker of modern industry has as yet tasted very little of that freedom and civilization for which he is asked to fight, work, and die. If he is ready to sacrifice himself, it is because he is willing to give more than he has ever received.

On March 25, 1915, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers made an agreement with the Government which indicates pretty well the true animus of the intelligent British workman. The first article reads:

> (1) That it is the intention of the Government to conclude arrangements with all important firms engaged wholly or mainly upon engineering and shipbuilding work for war purposes, under which their profits will be limited, with a view to securing that the benefit resulting from the relaxation of trade restriction or practices shall accrue to the State.

The unionists were willing to risk their security, willing to pledge the victories of decades, but they insisted that the benefit should go to the state, and not into the pockets of the profiteers. Who will say that they were not standing out for principles which would make England worth fighting for?

But old wrongs and bad social habits cannot be exorcised suddenly. In spite of agreements, arbitration courts, committees of investigation and Mr. Lloyd George's speeches, the old chaos has not been transformed into an efficient service. The cleavages of suspicion and class feeling were too deep, and the intention of treating labor as an equal too new. The libellous report on drink showed how brutally stupid a class-blinded government can be. At one stroke it indicted as drunkards and wasters the men England was depending upon for her national salvation. So the friction has gone on. England faces the fact that she has never organized her resources, never educated her people, never shared power or profits with labor, and never organized for industrial democracy. The failure of the ammunition supply comes back to that. The army stands on the defensive in Flanders because of the social problem at home.

On Wednesday, June twenty-third, Mr. Lloyd George announced that labor had asked for seven days in which to man the factories voluntarily; if at the end of that time it had failed, industrial conscription was to be enforced. On Tuesday, June twenty-ninth, Walter Long, president of the Local Government Board, introduced a bill providing for compulsory registration of all people between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five. In time of peace such a register would be of the greatest value. At this moment it is ominous as the entering wedge for general conscription.

If England resorts to that, what will be the lesson? Will it not be that after fighting voluntary organization for decades, she has tried in the midst of a crisis to call voluntary organization into existence, and because free cooperation cannot be intro-

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duced overnight, she is driven to the servile state as the only remedy for her industrial chaos? For unless England is to emerge from the struggle a poor imitation of Prussia, she will have to do more than invite her honorable friends below the gangway to make sacrifices. The sober truth is that England is now choosing between the hateful tyranny of forced labor and what amounts to a social revolution.

The Deeper Preparedness

LAST week THE NEW REPUBLIC insisted that we cannot talk with much point about preparedness until we have answered the question, prepared for what? Behind any decision about arming or disarming lies the question of how we intend to act as a nation among nations. Until we know, at least in a general way, what part we mean to play in the world's affairs, we shall never have even the vaguest notion of whether we are underarmed or overarmed. No fleet and no army is powerful enough for every conceivable emergency, and even the most inefficient navy and insignificant military force is not a guarantee that war can be avoided. So long as we discuss simply the question of armament and ignore the purpose of the armament, we shall be like a farmer who bought a plough before he had selected his farm, or a man who spent hours gazing at wedding-rings before he had met a woman who would marry him.

Both pacifists and militarists—to use inaccurate but convenient words—proclaim their interest in peace. It remains for the public to require both of them to explain the foreign policy they have in mind before they proceed to adopt means for carrying it out. What do they understand by the Monroe Doctrine? How large a responsibility does it imply? How far do they wish to go in upholding it? Will they fight any possible aggressor, will they accept only limited responsibility, say to the equator, will they invite other nations to share the cost of maintaining it? Surely questions like these have to be answered before it is reasonable to talk of preparedness. Where do the pacifists and militarists stand on the question of Asia? Are they for Oriental exclusion, for all that the Open Door implies, for holding the Philippines and Hawaii and Alaska against all comers? Where do they stand on the creation of a merchant marine to compete with England's and Germany's? Do they feel any direct interest in a better settlement of Europe? How far do they wish to go in maintaining the law of nations, in championing the rights of neutrals? These are the problems of war and peace, and preparedness is only a word which signifies that we know what we wish to do and have the means to do that thing.

The advocates of peace-at-any-price would probably reply that they believe in maintaining the traditional American policies by moral force and perhaps by economic pressure, but that when the ultimate test came they would choose not war but a splendid isolation. In our opinion that is an impossible course. American isolation splendid or otherwise is ended forever. We cannot afford to live complacently in a world where a quarrel between the Magyars and the southern Slavs throws our whole life into a sink of depression, and balks the political and social reforms upon which our hearts are set. We must act to help make the world secure because our own security depends upon it. We had no say in the diplomacy which made this war, yet we find ourselves the virtual allies of one side, our national life thrown into a profound reaction, our ships attacked, our hopes overturned, our own people strained in its allegiance. Surely isolation in such case is a myth. Are we then to sit by and see the diplomats of Europe lay the ground for another great war, without consulting us, without our giving advice, all because we are deluded about our isolation?

On that assumption, that we have to play an active rôle, three general courses lie open to us. We may be able to enter a league of peace, accept its protection, and bear our share of the burdens. Or we can come to a definite understanding with the more peaceful democracies of the world, especially with the British Empire and France; we can agree to stake out spheres of common defence and contribute a definite share of naval and military power in return for a proportionate control of the joint powers. Or we can adopt both policies at once—an agreement with the British Empire in regard to the sea, agreement with the chief South American republics in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, and at the same time lend our support to some such world organization for dealing with disputes as the proposed league of peace.

Any one of these policies involves immense risk, but no more risk than does our present policy of drifting isolation accompanied by programs as dangerous as the Monroe Doctrine, Oriental exclusion, and commercial expansion. Our true preparedness will mean the clear-sighted adoption of a new foreign policy to meet the new facts of the world, and on the basis of that policy the creation of power to uphold it. That power will consist not only of armed forces but of economic and moral weapons, such as the boycott, a discriminating neutrality, and forms of non-military pressure.

THE NEW REPUBLIC is convinced that isolation is ended; it is inclined to advocate an understand-

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ing with the British Empire, the A. B. C. Powers, as well as the general idea contained in a league of peace. But at this moment it would be folly to prescribe too definitely. If only these questions of foreign policy can be made part of the debate between militarists and pacifists, a great step will have been taken. The need just now is for discussion of the issues which are more important than armament because they determine it.

The Case of Canada

CONSIDERING the many ties of business and of association which bind Americans and Canadians together, the American people are culpably obtuse to the present plight of their northern neighbors. The Canadians are passing through a great crisis in their national history. At an unfortunate moment in their economic development, when the work of taking possession of their rich natural heritage was suffering a costly check, they were suddenly compelled to accept their losses and divert their capital and energy to an essentially foreign service. They were called upon to raise, equip, supply, and pay a large army, and to reorganize their industry to meet exclusively military needs. One consequence has been the postponement or abandonment by the majority of Canadians of the ambitions which had occupied their own personal lives. The process of building up and settling the country in which a young and growing community is so vitally interested, has been temporarily frustrated. The fountains of capital have dried up and are likely to remain dry for many years. Debts are being incurred which will long remain a drain on the profits of future economic expansion. The loss of life has already been heavy and the end is nowhere in sight. Canada has spent $150,000,000 and raised 100,000 men. During the coming year it may have to treble this expenditure. All these sacrifices are being made for a cause which is utterly remote from their own particular domestic interests. Their condition calls for sympathy and comprehension on the part of associates and friends. Yet neither in private conversation nor in public print do Americans give any indication of understanding the peculiarly distracting effects of the war on Canadian life.

The lack of understanding is culpable, but unfortunately it is not unprecedented. American national opinion has always been singularly obtuse and indifferent to Canadian ambitions and needs—to the whole process and impulse of Canadian life. We have cultivated South America, we have exploited Central America, and we have shown an anxious and ominous interest in Mexico; but we have indifferently and blindly taken Canada for granted. American policy has never consciously sought to meet Canadian needs and win Canadian friendship. Enough that she was obliged to buy a large amount of American products, whether she wanted to or not. She has been treated not as a collection of human beings and as a good democratic neighbor, but as a market—so easy a market that nothing of any value was to be given up in order to conquer and to keep it.

The indifference of American public opinion has had a decisive influence upon Canadian development and policy. A generation or more ago the Canadian government was only too anxious to promote intercourse of all kinds with this country. Its agricultural development was stunted because its farmers were shut out from their natural market to the south, and its business and political leaders saw no opportunity for rapid growth save by the practical abolition of the economic frontier between the two countries. At that time Canada was being thoroughly neglected by Great Britain, so that a rare opportunity existed for encouraging profitable and friendly association. At the price of giving to the Canadians a better market for their agricultural products we could have built up a large and steady demand for American manufactures, and converted our northern neighbor from an injured and neglected alien into an intimate business and political associate.

But American protectionism was always blind to the proper objects of a national economic policy. Its only purpose was that of passing spoils and favors around. Reciprocity with Canada would have endangered the substantial privileges of the manufacturers by cutting off the illusory privilege of the farmers. The opportunity was allowed to pass. Canada was obliged to turn to Great Britain; she was encouraged to do so by an outbreak of imperialist agitation. It dawned upon Englishmen that the Empire would fall to pieces unless it were organized and consolidated. It dawned upon Canadians that their connection with Great Britain, instead of being merely a convenient protection against possible American aggression, offered promising constructive political opportunities. It dawned on both that the Empire was capable of being developed into a great international democratic commonwealth. Canada acted upon her new faith. She granted to British manufacturers a preference in Canadian markets and prepared to assume imperial responsibilities.

The neglect of Canada by the United States affords a damaging exposure of the self-involved blindness of American public opinion in relation to foreign policy. Canada has been conceived merely as a negligible British dependency. She can be ig-

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nored in relation to American continental policies because of her allegiance to Great Britain, and her association with Great Britain is of a kind which permits her equally to be ignored in all negotiations with the imperial government. The ambiguity of the connection between Canada and the Empire does something to explain American obtuseness with respect to Canada, but nothing to justify it.

Instead of being negligible, Canada forms the great central problem and opportunity of American foreign policy. Both because of her geographical position and her political connections, some kind of an understanding and cooperation with Canada is all-important to the United States. Such an understanding, involving necessarily an understanding with Great Britain, would make a secure Pan-American system at least a possibility; it would enormously diminish the difficulties of dealing with Japan and China in the Pacific; it would guarantee the disinterestedness of any exercise of international police-power which the United States may be forced to undertake on this continent; and by arranging for active cooperation between two neighbors with similar political interests and traditions, it would increase the effective strength and international importance of both. As soon as Canada obtains the population to which she is entitled by the economic possibilities of the country, a lack of cooperation between her and the United States will be as disastrous as was the early lack of cooperation between Scotland and England.

But the aim of American diplomacy with respect to Canada should neither be to detach her from Great Britain nor to attract her into the Union, but to make her conscious of her American interests and obligations. Canada is bound to become the most populous and wealthy power in the western hemisphere, excepting only the United States. She cannot merely merge her foreign policy with that of the British Empire as a whole. She should be free to cultivate interests, assume responsibilities, and make agreements which are demanded by her special geographical location. Of course the imperial government would have to be consulted with respect to Canadian national policy, but Great Britain would have no reason to oppose an all-around understanding between Canada and the United States covering their joint American interests. Their cooperation on this continent, instead of dividing Canada from Great Britain, would have the very different tendency of drawing Great Britain closer to the United States. The two countries are bound to seek a satisfactory adjustment for the reason that neither can get along without Canadian assistance.

The Canadian connection would be valuable to the United States partly because the national experience of the two neighbors is proving to be so different. We Americans have always considered that our democracy could not survive without emancipation from European entanglements. Canada, on the contrary, although as essentially democratic as the United States, has always clung to her association with the British Empire. The association has constantly become more costly. Fifteen years ago Canadian blood was shed in South Africa on behalf of imperial unity. Recently the first great battle of Canadian history was fought on the soil of Flanders, and in that battle the percentage of Canadian killed and wounded was greater than during any battle of the American Civil War. Canadian domestic expansion has been checked by participation in a war about which she was consulted as little as was the United States, and the issues of which are not remotely connected with Canadian local interests. She is making the necessary sacrifices loyally and uncomplainingly, and costly as they are they are worth what they cost to Canadian national self-consciousness. Canada is setting an inspiring example to other democracies. Of all the countries engaged in the war she is the most disinterested. Unlike South Africa and Australia, she cannot occupy and conquer neighboring German territory. She has nothing to gain from her expenditures of money and blood, except the continued vitality of an imperial political system which allows her full opportunity for local self-development. But she is fighting for a form of self-government that brings to her neither isolation, irresponsibility nor independence. Her sacrifices are being made on behalf of a political system which, precisely because it calls for a larger allegiance without doing away with home rule, is the best existing experiment in a really international political organization.

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The N. A. M. Speaks

MORE ingenious use of Scripture has rarely been made than in a recent preliminary report of the National Association of Manufacturers. The document deals with the legislative minimum wage. It will repay reading by anyone who wishes to mix laughter with his tears. He will find that the discussion begins at the beginning, with Genesis, in fact, from which we learn that Jacob worked seven years in payment for each of his wives, Leah and Rachel, and six years more for the possession of a herd of cattle. Jacob's wages were changed ten times by his employer, Laban, but as to whether this industrial unrest was due to strikes or legislative minimum wage boards, the National Association of Manufacturers does not commit itself. Be that as it may, we hear next about Athens, where, significantly enough, the wholesale price of wheat was fixed in the third century, B.C.; also about Sparta, and even Thebes, where a workman could never aspire to office. There are passing but learned allusions to Aristotle, Xenophon, Pisistratus, Pericles, and Periander, as well as to Cicero and the emperor Diocletian who, disregarding the laws of economics in the year 301 A.D., fixed a minimum rate for provisions and wages.

Yet we must not linger over the scholarship of these practical men. Let us pass without comment Constantine and the emperor Zeno. Let us come at once to Jesus of Nazareth, and his parable of the laborers in the vineyard, as quoted by the National Association of Manufacturers:

> St. Matthew, XX, 1-15—"For the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard.
>
> "And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.
>
> "And he went out about the third hour and saw others standing idle in the market place.
>
> "And said unto them: Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way.
>
> "Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour and did likewise.
>
> "And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and said unto them, Why stand ye here all day idle?
>
> "They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.
>
> "So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.
>
> "And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.
>
> "But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.
>
> "And when they had received it, they murmured against the good man of the house.
>
> "Saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou has made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.
>
> "But he answered one of them and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong; didst not thou agree with me for a penny?
>
> "Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last even as unto thee.
>
> "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil because I am good?"

Here the document pauses, and remarks:

> This parable is regarded by the commentators as having established some very interesting principles and facts, viz:
>
> 1. The right of a man to do what he desires with his own money (if he does not do evil with it, or interfere with the rights of others).
>
> 2. The tendency of the maximum and the minimum wage to become the same, whenever the latter is greater than it would be usually.
>
> 3. The fact that the length of the work-day at this period was by no means limited to a three-hour or eight-hour schedule.

The quotations, remember, are from a document issued in the year 1915 by the official body of American Manufacturers. The first eleven pages out of thirty-two are devoted to these supreme assininities.

I must confess that after such an introduction it was a little difficult to approach the rest of the report with the entire respect of an open mind. How, for example, was one to treat the statement that "the legislative minimum wage has so far been enacted mainly in the agricultural states of the West . . . the exception outside the agricultural states being the industrial state of Massachusetts," when everyone knows that Massachusetts does not have a legislative minimum wage at all? It has a legal wage commission, whose findings do not establish a legal wage because those findings have no compulsory power. Oregon and Washington, on the contrary, have a real legislative minimum wage. But Oregon and Washington are not mentioned in this report, and their experience is not discussed. Massachusetts is discussed, and never once is there a hint that the author of this document knows the difference between the Massachusetts and the Oregon and Washington method. He simply ignores the Western states as "agricultural," and treats Massachusetts as if its voluntary minimum wage system were identical with a legislative minimum wage.

Nor does the author make the least attempt to distinguish compulsory arbitration in Australia from

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the minimum wage as proposed in the United States. They are all one to him, and all bad. Conciliation boards, arbitration courts, compulsory minimum wage by legislative fiat, compulsory minimum wage by the decree of a wage board, voluntary minimum wage by the agreement of wage board, the maximum wage in Rome, the Statute of Laborers in 1349—no distinction is made. They are all interference with the wage contract, and they are lumped together in one foggy denunciation for the befuddlement of human reason. It is impossible to argue with the sponsors of this document. They have got themselves so tangled up in ignorance and misstatement, they are so blandly oblivious even of the difference between setting a maximum and a minimum wage, that all one can do is to give samples of their quality of mind, and leave it to the reader to determine how seriously he will have their argument.

They say, for example, that when the Australian Commission of the National Association of Manufacturers made its investigation, "it was given evidence daily of the growing dissatisfaction." But they furnish absolutely no evidence. They simply assert about Australia and New Zealand that "nowhere is more industrial unrest to be found." Nowhere, indeed! and that after Lawrence, Lowell, Paterson, Calumet, Akron, West Virginia, Butte, and Colorado.

They go on to state that in Massachusetts "practically every employee affected by the law has been discharged." That is a serious indictment if true, and pending a report from the Massachusetts Commission I am in no position to dispute the assertion. But when I read that one firm discharged seventy-five women and minor workers, I remain unconvinced until the statement is supplemented by some facts as to who is now doing the work of these seventy-five who were discharged. Another firm of brushmakers reports that "it has been necessary recently to discharge some of our employees, and of course in doing this we have allowed those to go that we considered of the least value." But nothing is said to make certain that this cutting down of the force was not due to industrial depression.

Since they were looking for experience, I wonder why the first biennial report of the Industrial Welfare Commission of Washington is not even mentioned in this document. Why have the Manufacturers failed to dispute these assertions?

> The sequence of it all is that there are vastly more women workers in the State of Washington to-day receiving a living wage than there were two years ago when the law was enacted; that there are more higher-paid girls than there were then; that the whole wage standard, together with the standards of efficiency and discipline, has been raised. . . .

And in the forthcoming report of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics on the operation of the Oregon Minimum Wage Law they will be able to read that:

> The rates of pay for women as a whole have increased. Wherever the wage rates of old employees were affected by the minimum wage rulings, they were benefited. Some women upon reinstatement after an absence had been compelled to accept the rate to which they were legally entitled, a rate below that received during their earlier services. The average rates of pay of minors and experienced women have increased, that of inexperienced adults decreased slightly. More girls under 18 years received over $6 after than before the minimum wage determination. Among the experienced women not only the proportion getting $9.25, but those getting over $9.25 have increased. The proportion of the force receiving over $12 has also increased, although the actual number have decreased but not in the same degree as the decrease in the total force. . . .
>
> No evidence of decreased efficiency among women affected by the wage rulings could be discovered. The numbers for whom comparable data on this subject could be secured were too limited, however, to warrant conclusions.
>
> All the changes arising from decreased business, reorganization of departments and increased rates and earnings, resulted in an increase in the female and also the total labor cost of three mills per dollar of sales. This increased cost was not distributed equally among stores or among departments in the same stores. The female labor cost varied from an 8-mill increase in Portland neighborhood stores to a 1.2-cent decrease in Salem stores.
>
> Business conditions reduced the number of women employed. The majority of those who remained and were affected by the minimum wage rulings were benefited in rates of pay and also in average earnings. Those to whom the minimum wage determinations did not apply sustained no losses chargeable to these rulings.

All this assertion and counter-assertion is, of course, immensely unsatisfactory. But it is necessary because the Manufacturers' Association has chosen to state on its own say-so that the law is a failure, and to ignore entirely the most trustworthy official documents which happen to be available. The Washington and Oregon reports may be wrong, but the N. A. M. has not attempted to disprove them. The arguments of the New York State Factory Investigation Commission may be biassed, but the N. A. M. has not mentioned them. The N. A. M. may know all about Massachusetts. It has not published the statistics.

This at least is certain. The temper and tone of the report can inspire no confidence whatever. From the idiotic interpretation of the parable about the vineyard to the blank assertion that the minimum wage has "invariably failed," the report is a mass of undigested assertion, unsupported argument, and appeals to prejudice such as one would expect from an illiterate quack, not from the representatives of supposedly intelligent manufacturers.

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Hear, for example, the argument that low wages do not make for ill health. "Low general standards of living are usually accompanied by ignorance of the laws and resources of hygiene, by no nutrition and malnutrition, and hence by lower standards of vigor and resistance to disease than where higher standards of living prevail. Obviously, then, lower standards of physical strength and resistance are due to such conditions of labor as excessively long hours of work in the unskilled and sweated industries, or to conditions inherent in the character of the employment itself." In short, "no nutrition and malnutrition" are not due to low wages; "low general standards of living" are not due to low wages.

It is perhaps not for an outsider to presume to offer advice to the Manufacturers' Association. If this is the best it can do, the intellectual victory of its opponents is assured from the outset. But I cannot help wondering what humane and intelligent employers must think of these documents issued in their name. If I were a manufacturer I should either hang my head and blush, or get up and shout from the housetops that these spokesmen of mine were fools who were making a fool of me. I should do what I could to get rid of them at once, knowing that the manufacturers' cause will never command respect while such fifth-rate intelligence is allowed to speak for it.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Literary Merchandise

I WAS told authoritatively the other day that the editors of the popular fifteen-cent magazines, an increasing and formidable army that is driving the book trade to its last intrenchment, thus exhort all contributors: "Don't be literary! Whatever you do, don't be literary."

Some time since I was requested, for reasons that will not interest the public, to read carefully the contents of a certain magazine. I was told—it was a new magazine—that it had secured already a novel for serial purposes by one of the eminent women writers, signed a contract with another, and made contracts with several of the leading Britishers.

I read the magazine from cover to cover, and as carefully as I would read Joseph Conrad. The stories—all by the non-eminent, as it happened—were uniformly interesting, fresh, vivacious; and uniformly ill-written. I said "from cover to cover," but this is an inaccuracy unpardonable in one engaged in the stimulating task of criticising other authors. I really put the magazine down when I was half-way through the third story from the last, and this is the sentence which discouraged me from further effort: "Blank, having lost his pyjamas, went to bed in his shirt-tail." The story was quite inoffensive in all but taste, and showed a certain yarn-spinning impetus.

If one will take a deliberate course in these fifteen-cent magazines, one will hardly be able to avoid wondering if the editors in question really find it necessary to exhort. For instance: one young woman, still in her twenties, highly promising from every point of view, and one of the best-paid short story writers in the country—which means in the world—making as much a year as a university president, constantly uses "like" for "as" or "as if": "She wore her hat like her friend did." "They walked like they were in a hurry." In one of the best fifteen-cent monthlies, one that publishes the work of some of the most notable and least exhausted authors of the day, and one that has given its readers articles and fiction of real worth, the editor recently allowed the following sentence to open a story: "The chief of police addressed his inferior in crisp and concise verbiage."

Even certain of our "well-known" that began the literary career with high ambitions and studied phrasing, have fallen into a style so slipshod that it consorts harmoniously with the increasing attenuation of their yarn-spinning faculty; and the novelists that have been forced by a too economical public into serialization and into rapid-fire action by the willing expender of fifteen cents, show a falling off in first-hand studies of life and character that is equally noticeable. It is extraordinary that this really novelty-loving public of ours will stand for rehash in fiction.

There is no question that the men authors, old and new, sin more frequently than the women, and I fancy this is not only because civilization has provided so many more distractions for the male than for the reputable female, but because they are far more likely to have assumed the burden of the family early in life. And when a literary man's fame—or prosperity—approaches its zenith, then it is that he has to reckon with his women. The wife with increasing income is sooner or later presiding over an "establishment"; her social circle has widened, and naturally she wishes it to widen evermore; even, if there be a ghost of a chance, as high as Central Park East. And growing boys and girls in fashionable schools increase expenditures by several thousands a year.

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Far be it from me to assert that no literary women are supporting families; but not only are women workers as a rule, and particularly those with responsibilities, more careful of money, more fearful of the future, and less self-indulgent by nature, but their outside temptations are less. Moreover, human vanity in the male turns more readily into snobbery than in the female. His loyal wife may catch it, but his co-worker of a once diffident sex is normally, when her gifts are first-rate, so preoccupied with the work itself, so restless with world curiosity, and so ambitious to beat man at his own game, that she has little time for social raids. She recognizes that it is well to know society, in common with other phases of life, at first hand; and she goes through a phase herself when she looks upon social recognition as one of her rewards. But unless she is a born snob she is too wary to mortgage her freedom and her talents for the harrowing necessity of a permanent "front." This may argue an inferior social instinct, but it is good for literature.

Of course the first consequence of writing under pressure in behalf of monthly bills of increasing magnitude, to say nothing of doctors and travel, is a complete loss of the old pleasure, both subtle and poignant, of composition, of what is somewhat inflatedly known as "creative work." No author can enjoy the gradual development of a character, reacted upon by circumstance and incident and full of surprises, nor the combining and recombining of words until a sentence is rhythmic, or suave, or musical, or powerful—or harsh, maybe—after work has become a grind and so many hundred thousand words must be written a year or disaster befall.

With the large number of magazines in the market to-day an industrious author can have two or even three serials running at once, and publish as many short stories as he can write; and what with hacking over old ideas, he can write four in the same time he formerly devoted to one. Of course such authors, whose names are in every magazine, become increasingly dexterous; making their numerous stories—it is rarely they essay the novel—almost as rapidly and smartly as a manufacturer turns out ready-made clothing. They earn a decent income, some of them receiving prices for a single story that would have kept an author of an older and simpler day half a year. Many of the new writers have worked up an enthusiastic magazine following that compels the editors to pay them prices ranging from eight to fifteen hundred dollars for a short story. Writing stories pays; therefore they invest their mental and physical capital in the business exactly as they would venture a tidy sum left them by thrifty parents in any business, at the same time easy and lucrative, that happened to be on the market.

So far as I have been able to discover, no one has attempted to track this degradation of magazine literature to its source. I for one do not attribute it to an automatic response to a sudden demand for cheap fiction, to any abrupt change of mental habit on the part of the public. I attribute it primarily to the dietetic standard of the old thirty-five-cent magazines. Year after year, yea, generation after generation, these periodicals published nice stories expressed in nice precise English; seldom a grain of originality either in style or subject. Occasionally a smashing story would gain entrance—heaven to this day only knows how—and the nation-wide sensation it made should have conveyed a hint to the editorial powers that a change of policy would be both welcome and profitable. But no, the reaction in that office would linger on into the years; it was as if the dieticians had suddenly gone on a debauch of ham and eggs, and were forced by awful pangs to return forthwith to gruel, custard and wine jelly. They pursued their safe, their anaemic, their bloodless and their sexless way, asking only that the stories submitted to them, mental guides of the nation, be nice, local, dialectic, well written—it is this indefective writing that passes with us for "style"—and with nothing in the content to make the gentle reader think.

Well, as time went on the gentle reader ceased to be gentle. He began to growl for a diet worthy of a virile and hungry mind, his mental stomach turned at the feeble travesties of life, or at those pictures of littleistic life which if true were too insignificant to write about. He wanted the "real thing," pictures of life as he knew it or would like to know it. ("He" is used for mere convenience, be it understood!) And when he made his insistence and his revolt known his demand was met. The old guard was too old to listen—or, if they heard, it was but to sniff—but it reached the ears of keen enterprising men—men who, had this cry for a new sort of literary menu never gone up, no doubt would have catered with equal success to the popular taste on the frankly unspiritual plane. And the result we know.

There is no question that the once gentle reader is now having his blasé palate tickled with the variety he demands; but to an unprejudiced observer it would seem that although the ingredients are many the result is hash. In time I hope and believe it will choke him. For amidst the waste and welter of the new magazines he has ever the opportunity to remodel his taste upon a respectable number of stories still admirably conceived and expressed. We have not gone to the dogs yet.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

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Atlanta Riots and the Origin of Magic

IN the Malay Peninsula, when a magician wants to dispose of an enemy he makes an image like a corpse, a footstep long; then, to achieve his purpose, he follows this recipe: "If you want to cause sickness, you pierce the eye and blindness results; or you pierce the waist and the stomach gets sick. If you want to cause death, you transfix the head with a palm twig; then you enshroud the image as you would a corpse and you pray over it as if you were praying over the dead; then you bury it in the middle of the path which leads to the place of the person whom you wish to charm, so that he may step over it." The case of the Malay magician is not unique; it is, indeed, fairly typical of primitive culture, belonging to the vast array of facts designated by J. G. Frazer, that archmaster of the "Magic Art" among modern anthropologists, as homeopathic magic.

Culture is notoriously but skin deep. Beneath the thin veneer of civilization lie dormant the ferocious instincts, the crude emotions, the ghost-haunted thoughts of our human and pre-human ancestry. Provide the setting, and a gathering of parliamentarians will behave like a gang of streetboys or like a flock of sheep. The case of Leo M. Frank, the Atlanta boy tried for the murder of Mary Phagan, convicted, and saved from the gallows by Governor Slaton's sensitive conscience, provides numerous illustrations of such recrudescence of savage mentality.

A curious instance is recorded in the morning papers. We read:

> At Marietta, where the family of Mary Phagan, the victim of the factory murder, resided, a great indignation meeting was held, and Governor Slaton was hanged in effigy. A life-sized dummy was strung to a telegraph pole on the public square, bearing this inscription: 'John M. Slaton, King of the Jews and Georgia's Traitor Forever.'
>
> At Newman the effigies of Frank and Governor John M. Slaton were hung to a giant oak in the park at the Union Station to-night and set on fire, after which they were dragged blazing through the principal streets, accompanied by about fifty automobiles. Later the charred effigies were hung to the Chautauqua sign which is stretched across the street at the Court House.
>
> Later the effigy was removed from the telegraph pole by a small crowd of men and burned in the public square near the base of the monument to the late Senator Alexander S. Clay. The police made no attempt at interference. . . .

A cold chill contracts our civilized veins, as the ghost of the Malay magician flits by smiling his approval. The analogy is indeed a close one, with one point of difference: the Malay savage believed in the fatal efficacy of his rite; the Georgia rioters show no such confidence, but, to vindicate more modern ideas, try to get at the Governor with their bricks.

The case is instructive and might clarify our ideas about the origin of magical rites. Numerous latter-day theories have clustered about the rites of homeopathic magic; laws of association of ideas were invoked, savage incapacity to differentiate between a thing and its likeness, and what-not; the psychology of primitive ideas about magic is interesting but complex. Fortunately it need not concern us here, for the Atlanta rioters do not believe in magic—but they made the effigy and burned it. The magic faith was lacking, but the magic rite occurred, and was enthusiastically acclaimed. No doubt the rioters in their lusty indignation were burning to lay their hands on the Governor; but they found him well protected. So they made an effigy and burned it (although they had no thought that that would hurt the Governor).

This is the crux of the whole matter. The act was the objectivation of a wish, carried out in a social setting, under the stress of violent emotion. Such, we may believe, was also the origin of magic. *Im Anfang war die Tat.* The first magic act was a spontaneous expression of a passionate desire. As to the faith in the efficacy of the act, we must consult savage mentality. The French sociologist, Durkheim, would have us believe that the faith was the result of a raised social consciousness born of the common participation in the magical act. The enhanced feeling of solidarity was pleasurable, hence the act must have been successful. The French *savant* may be mistaken. An act which in the twentieth century requires the frenzied emotionalism of a mob, when transferred into an age saturated with potentialities of magical belief may have been performed by a solitary savage, as indeed it is still performed in some remote corners of the globe.

Without altogether discarding Durkheim's conjecture, another element may be invoked: the experience of an accidental success. Granted the potentiality of a faith in magic influence, granted the occurrence of a magical act, conditioned as suggested above, and an accidental success would carry all the weight of irrefutable evidence, which henceforth no amount of adverse experience could dislodge.

The Atlanta rioters did not believe that the burning of the effigy would hurt the Governor. But suppose that through some unfortunate accident Governor Slaton had died on the day of the burning, or on the next day. Would there still be no believers in homeopathic magic among the rioters of Atlanta?

A. A. GOLDENWEISER.

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A Manicure Girl

ALONE in the old basement barber shop she sat reading a magazine at her manicure table. Her eyes devoured the story and she lifted them reluctantly to meet a customer.

She was arrestingly pretty. She looked out quite gravely at the customer without closing her magazine. "The barber's out to lunch."

The visitor hesitated. He could not help being invited by her appearance. "I left my razors," he told her. "Do you think I could find them?"

She left her table in the corner and came along the littered marble counter. At first sight she was frankly enticing. In the out of date establishment she had the clear accent of coquettish modern New York. Any young girl might have worn that revealing dress, but in the publicity of her bare throat, a velvet band encircling it, there was the purpose of the manicure girl. Her low straight fringe had the same personal accentuation. It gave piquancy to her pointed little face and centered attention on her eyes. The customer could not help scanning her while she scanned the counter.

"He was expecting you to call for them, wasn't he?" She raised her eyes without any challenge.

They looked over the counter together. "Yes," he said. "There they are. I guess they're ready. I left them here the night his old manicure girl came to see him. Don't you remember her?"

"Oh, yes. She was back from the war. Were you here that night?"

"Yes, you were putting on your hat in the corner."

"Oh, yes. But you didn't look at me, did you?" She made the inquiry with apparent innocence.

He took the leather roll from her, amused at her naïveté. "Yes, I saw you."

"Wait," she said politely, "I'll wrap it up."

He stood near her while she poked in a drawer and started to do up the parcel with fingers surprisingly inexpert. She was not the typical hard-finished manicure girl. She bit her lip, confessing she was clumsy, and he tied the parcel himself. Her interest in it struck him as almost childlike, and decidedly envious.

"I'm so clumsy," she said. "You must do that as a regular thing."

He laughed. "No, I'm a writer."

Her grey eyes opened wide on him. "What do you write? Stories? Oh, I'm crazy about reading."

"Nope. I just work for a magazine."

Her entire manner changed. All her languid gravity was gone and she was plainly excited.

"Oh, I read magazines all the time. I've read half that this morning." She lifted the Top-Notch Magazine. "But I get library books too." They were at her table, and she opened one of two rather greasy volumes. "Business isn't very good," she said with mild deprecation. "Look, I'm learning all that by heart to-day." It was a volume by Will Carlton and she indicated a ballad, pages long. "A man at Asbury Park used to teach it to us. Oh, he used to read it so clear you got every word. I wish I could read like that, but he was a regular elocutionist, isn't that what you'd call him? But my eyes hurt me, I read so much. Listen, did you ever read Zane Grey? I've read everything he ever wrote. One of his books is the most beautiful book I ever knew. It tells of a rich girl that went out among the cowboys and they used to tease her. I don't care for the silly romance and all that. It's the Big Country I love to read about. That was why I got that magazine—the cowboy on the cover."

"You must spend a lot on magazines?"

"No, I get them from the stand upstairs. When the girl up there goes to a ball or anything I do her nails and then she lets me have magazines. I had two yesterday. . . . Do you know Gus Kramer, the auto racer? No? Well, his nephew Charlie is in Arizona. He sent a picture card from Flagstaff. He *says* he's mining, but the expression he used gave him away—you know. He's a cowboy! I'm reading about the West so when he comes back I'll be posted. Oh, it doesn't matter on his account, but—I don't know, I want to be up on it when he comes back."

"Don't you go to the movies?"

"Yes, there's good things in the movies, too, when you look into them, not the love stories but the outdoor pictures. But I can't see them unless I'm way up in front. The oculist says my eyes are the worst he ever saw. One part is oblong that ought to be round. He gave me glasses, but I don't know, I can't wear them. They pinch my nose."

The man smiled. "You don't want to wear them because you're pretty. It's vanity."

"Pretty!" She was all alive. "Oh, no . . . Can't you sit down. Are you in a hurry? Could I see your glasses? I don't mean to be forward. Oh, everything is so clear! Too clear, though. They'd hurt my eyes. I ought to sit with my back to the light, I suppose? But I have to read. I love poetry, too. I know Poe's 'Raven' by heart, and Bryant's poems, and Maud Muller. I don't know who wrote that. I read 'Les ——— Miserables?' What is it? Yes. But I like best to read of the Big Country. I was born in the city but brought up in the country—Asbury Park, New Jersey. My mother used to live there. Father died when I was three months old, and after fourteen

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years mother married again and he died too. I'm nineteen now."

As she talked on about herself, breathlessly communicative and eager, the man saw the naïve creature under the disguise of coquettish New York.

The green-shaded lamp brought out the childishness of her features. They were small and delicate and undeveloped. Her teeth were a little irregular, and when she smiled her frailness was accentuated. She was no longer a piquant city girl, neat of coiffure and coy of glance. She was just a half-formed youngster, her head swimming with fancy, her aspirations untouched, her imagination unqualified. To look pretty, that was her job. She knew that the ability to manicure was the least of her essentials. But of her effectiveness she was profoundly ignorant. What she really desired was to tell breathlessly of Hamlin Garland, Jack London, Owen Wister, Zane Grey. Relieved from the necessity of flirtation, unafraid of what she called "forwardness," she revealed the intense vicariousness that was all life meant to her, a vicariousness that took her out of that dingy basement, and chained her to that dingy basement as well.

She knew she should wear glasses. Her head ached. The world before her was a blur. She was incapable of knotting a string. But who cared? The mere drudgery of taking care of herself, the prosaic rewards of being healthy and self-possessive, the acceptance of conscription among the homely—these she recoiled from. She was directed to allure. If she wore glasses, she would need to be competent, brisk, business-like. There was nothing in her thin blood, her small bones, her large wonder-seeing eyes, her tentative evanescent smile, her guileless dream, to form that resoluteness. In the other rôle she had success. It enabled her to earn a little living, or part of a little living. She did her work with mimetic art when it came to her, and for the rest loved the men that rescued heiresses in Arizona.

Her sex seemed her only reality before she spoke. Before she had finished she had gained in losing her allurement. She was a swimmer in strong currents with little knowledge and little experience, and with an innocence beyond belief.

"Goodbye," she piped as her customer departed, "and—thank you for your advice."

Democracy at Work

A CONVENTION of working women was held recently in New York City. Teachers and office cleaners, glove and shoe makers, beer bottlers and telephone operators, garment workers, waitresses, candy and brush makers, stenographers, clerks and laundry workers, met to discuss industrial problems, to consider conditions in industry and shape and direct them. Even in the first days the difference in the character of this convention manifested itself in a spirit of fellowship and festivity, in verses and songs, in nonsense rhymes and general merrymaking. But it was when the convention resolved itself into committees covering the work of organization, legislation, judicial decisions, woman suffrage, unemployment and education, and these committees began to make their reports, that the real significance of the convention showed itself.

Who are these young women who so definitely illustrated their fitness to take charge of and help direct the industries of the present day; who spoke so wisely, so patiently and at times so passionately of their life's experience as the discussion went back and forth on unemployment, the minimum wage, the eight hour day, pensions for working mothers, the right to strike, the writ of injunctions, the decisions of judges? They were the elected representatives of 100,000 organized working women affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and the National Women's Trade Union League. They were daughters of mechanics, day laborers, merchants, factory workers; women who had gone to work at the age of nine, ten, twelve and thirteen years, of whom many had quit the public school at the fifth or sixth grade. Their knowledge had come to them out of their daily life—not out of the industries in which they were engaged, but out of their organizations which were calling forth the power and effort to change and control those industries.

That this convention represented the working woman's movement within the labor movement was proven again and again. The convention showed a spirit of solidarity, of comradeship, of happiness in the fellowship one with another which only rarely finds expression in this world of ours. "We have come. We are here, here to help and to serve, but here also to direct the labor movement in America." The woman's point of view, women's needs, aspirations and ideals are henceforth to find expression in the labor movement of our country.

There was Julia O'Connor, a slip of a girl, leader of the telephone operators' strike in Boston, whose clearness of thought, fine insight and determined spirit never failed her during the all-night

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session with the Telephone Company which resulted in understanding and arbitration and victory for the telephone operators. Her proven leadership for constructive work elected her representative of the brush makers and the retail clerks on the Minimum Wage Board of Massachusetts. There was Mary McEnerney, chairman of the Woman Suffrage Committee, a voter in Illinois, whose presentation of the need of the ballot for women expressed the conviction, continuously repeated and reiterated during the week by all the delegates, that the ballot is an economic necessity to working women. Only incidentally was it learned that this young woman had started work in a bindery at a very early age when neither the child labor law nor the limitation of hours of work were enforced. But nothing daunted, the child took matters into her own hand, and when the hours seemed endless, serenely cut her finger so as to be disabled for work. There was Mary Butler, glove worker by trade, a leader among the women workers in Chicago and the first trade union woman to be appointed by any Board of Education teacher of her trade in the public schools.

There were leaders of wide experience such as Agnes Nestor, president of the International Glove Workers' Union; Mary Anderson and Emma Steghagen, two boot and shoe workers who have done yeoman service in the labor movement in Chicago; Melinda Scott, president of the Hat Trimmers' Union, who with her fellow workers stood so bravely by the hatters in their great struggle; Leonora O'Reilly, shirt maker, delegate to the Peace Conference at The Hague; Rose Schneidermann, cap maker, the greatest practical idealist in the group.

The welcome given new leaders and the acceptance of these new leaders in the councils of labor was significant. For instance, there was Agnes Burns, a true Celt in speech and appearance, from one of the mining camps of Illinois, daughter and sister of miners, asking that the call of the women in these small mining towns for a greater relationship to life and human fellowship be answered. Then there was Myrtle Whitehead, who at thirteen entered upon nine long years of factory work and who woke up to a realization of how little she knew and how much of wrong she had accepted as inevitable when her trade organization called upon her and her fellow workers to change their conditions of work. There was Mrs. Dunn, a white-haired woman who had just recently helped to establish the Office Cleaners' Union in Boston. With a revealing matter-of-factness she spoke of the office cleaners' hours of work from two to nine in the morning. As a result of the organization the wages were raised from six to eight dollars a week and the work so planned that the hours were continuous instead of intermittent, thus saving car fare and time and strength.

One of the most interesting and illuminating reports given was the report of the Committee on Judicial Decisions presented by two of the youngest delegates to the convention, a beer bottler and a stenographer by trade, Louisa Mittlestadt and Agnes O'Brien. For nearly an hour on one of the first days of the convention, Mr. Gompers had told the delegates of the Clayton act, and presented his point of view as to its great significance to the cause of freedom in the labor world. The committee quoted a passage from the Clayton act which seemed charged with danger and stated that therein lay the "joker" in the act. It is significant that the judgment of a leader was not considered final, and that these young women felt charged with a personal responsibility for calling attention to possible danger in the law. It was a picture of democracy at its best, for the thought of democracy is a responsible citizenship on guard. Not only the leaders, the rank and file of the people must have initiative and independent thought.

That the working women recognize and realize the fact that they are not only concerned with the bettering of wages, even though these wages still represent for tens of thousands of them five and eight and ten cents an hour, nor the bettering of conditions of industry in the matter of sanitation and hours of work, but that they are vitally concerned with still deeper wrongs of which industrial conditions are but an expression, was proven, if proof were needed, by this convention. The relationship of the working women's group to the decisions of the Supreme Court of West Virginia regarding martial law, to the Ludlow massacre and the conviction of John R. Lawson, was clearly stated in discussions and resolutions. This alertness of thought, this keenness of insight into the interrelationship of all these questions, is the direct result of their training in self-government received in the labor movement and through their own local organizations where they are daily having to meet and handle the conditions of work in their own industry.

Herein lies the great service of the trade union to the nation. It trains for citizenship in an industrial democracy as well as in a political democracy. It calls forth independent thought and action, and makes it possible for the workers to participate in the control of industry. It develops mind, disciplines character and helps to create freedom of spirit. The organized labor movement is the only power that stands between a permanent servile class and the hope of democracy.

A Trade Unionist.

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Italian Spirit in d'Annunzio

WHEN Gabriele d'Annunzio offered himself recently as a common sailor in the Italian navy, some of his critics smiled and put it down to the theatricality of the man. But, apart from the fact that there is a different measure for theatricality in north and south, they were almost certainly wrong. The Italian authorities took him at his word, gave him a chance of varying his offer, and the poet of fifty-two is now a lieutenant in the army. Long ago, before the end of his military service, he won his stripes.

Politically d'Annunzio is hard to place. He has called himself socialist, but there is no vaguer term. Undoubtedly his tendencies have been jingo. That, however, is not the whole of him, publicly considered. In a man of his active temper enthusiasm for the Latin spirit could not exhaust itself in efforts to foster that spirit in literature and art, but sought an outlet for it in race predominance. Pan-Germanism, Pan-Slavism, all the ultra-nationalist aggressive movements emanating from other peoples, were to him merely ridiculous by the side of one which had for its center the ancient, the eternal, idea of Imperial Rome. When Carducci died d'Annunzio swore to take the national torch from the dead hand and keep it burning. An empty vow it seemed to many, who saw in him merely the special apostle of self-expression and of a lower kind of Nietzscheanism. Nevertheless, in his own way, with his limitations, by his splendid gifts, he has fulfilled it; and to-day he has traveled far beyond his own past as represented in "Il Fuoco." The Tripoli expedition some of us looked on as an outburst of vulgar jingoism; and when Italy came out of the war exhausted in resources we hoped she had learnt a lesson. But the whole truth was not with us. The war united the nation in a most undoubted fashion; and though with another country in our minds we see that national unity may be a terrible evil, yet the popular impulse which supported the government in its aggressive policy was not backed by greed alone; rather was it due to a conviction that war with its sacrifices might be the one effective weapon against the ultra-commercialism which threatened the rational soul. It was this latter instinct that d'Annunzio blessed in his "Canzoni della Gesta d'Oltremare." He saw himself a Rienzi with a farther-reaching voice, who was to revive the ancient Roman spirit; and what better "geste" was there than to recover one of the old provinces of the empire? Even his hardest critics may concede that Italians fought better for his call, for his reminders of Rome, "ever reborn, flower of all the races, the whole world's fragrance," for his assurance that a wider and a worthier future was theirs for the earning.

But there is another element in the man which may fit in strangely with his imperialism, yet is sincere none the less. To him Garibaldi is no ghostly hero of his dead youth, but real and living still. The "Notte di Caprera" is as genuine as the "Gesta d'Oltremare." With all his faults d'Annunzio is no cynic. He has never acquiesced in the "Triple Alliance"; and in the "Song of the Dardanelles" he attacked Austria, the old enemy, in words of virulent energy. The first edition of the "Gesta" was suppressed. He published a second with the lines omitted, and in the gap he pilloried the head of his country's government, Giolitti, who gave the order for the mutilation. To-day he has his revenge.

There is one more significant fact about the poet who has been inciting Italy to its newest adventure. His birthplace is Pescara, the little fortified fishing-town, with its orange-and-red-sailed fleet, which stands at the Adriatic extremity of the Valerian Way. The color and scent of the Adriatic are in his blood and fibre. No poet has been a more spontaneous lover of the sea—"the goddess who tempers my nerves and my songs." After his first, almost tragic, success in Rome as a lad, he returned to the Adriatic, to Francavilla. To the Adriatic, his first love, he has ever been faithful; and he wrote his "Odi Navali" long before he made any self-conscious vow to be the poet of his nation. In the light of this, his offer to serve as a common sailor loses some of its theatricality.

In Berlin there has been talk of Italy giving way to mob rule. There could be no greater mistake. The Italian population contains turbulent sections, but in no country is the mob less likely to dictate to the government in international affairs. Underneath her emotions Italy's racial temper is definite even to hardness. Recently she has been devoted to science, to commerce, to material welfare; and many of us have groaned over the loss of the old artistic sense and of the lofty spirit of the war of liberation. For months the outer world has watched her bargaining, ready, some have said, to sell herself to the highest bidder. They do not understand her who have said so. The bargaining and the self-interestedness of this new-old country, whose life and fortunes are still precarious, are very real. The commercial spirit is strongly characteristic. If substantial concessions could have been wrung out of her late partners—that is, if the word of Germany could have been trusted—there is an Italy that would have felt justified in taking everything without the price of a drop of blood. But at the back of that

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Italy, of every Italy, stands an old proud tradition. You will find it in unexpected places, behind the plough, behind the counter, in the slum, in the stucco palace of the *nouveau riche*. It gives to this democratic race a haughty air, and explains why, with all her wiliness, Italy is rarely hypocritical. Through recent months she has borne the accusation, expressed or implied, of gross self-interest, without stooping to declare that the bargaining was not the whole truth, but merely what she deigned to show to the world. She wanted no advice—*Italia farà da se*—and she has only scorn for those who will not trust her to act in great moments as the daughter of an ancient house with responsible memories of noble enterprise.

Underneath the commercialism the Garibaldian tradition is still strong, a tradition nearer to old-fashioned English Liberalism than to any other political faith; a conviction of the sacredness of individual and national freedom, and a respect for the liberties of other peoples. It has made the Triple Alliance a hard yoke. Italians have borne it without murmuring, believing that their nation needed the support of the Central Powers; but in their hearts they have always felt they were in the wrong house and serving strange gods. The commercial spirit modified this, of course; and lately you might hear some prudent Milan man of business say, "Yes, we'll fight, but six months is enough. We'll make sacrifices, but we are not going to ruin our country quixotically." Yet the spirit was there; and in the less sophisticated it was there without alloy.

The newspapers did not tell us all in those trying weeks before the break with Austria. It is no exaggeration to say that in the few days which followed the resignation of the Salandra Cabinet, when Giolitti like an evil genius hovered about Rome, Italy, all that was best of it—and the best was not in little sects and coteries—underwent a veritable agony. Up in the unemotional north men wept for rage and grief at the possibility of Sonnino's anti-Austrian lead being permanently defeated. And this not merely because they saw their own freedom and interests at stake. They knew themselves joined in soul with other nations in a common struggle and a common test. Poor unlearned peasants, who knew little of politics and cared less, followed the main issues of the war with the perspicacity of the simple for the large things of life; and when the Lusitania was sunk, rough mountaineers of Piedmont cried, "It is not England's enemy alone that has done this, but ours."

Thus in the fulness of time d'Annunzio, who had seemed for long to stand apart from common life by his superman nonsense, has come to express the national spirit. The old Roman pride and the Garibaldian love of liberty, the Venetian cult for the sea, the insight of a people which in its thinking is rarely crude, and has an intellectual disdain for inhumanity, all these have come to grips with the spirit of gain and bargain, and have conquered. D'Annunzio, who has sulked with his country of late years, is reconciled. The subtle currents in the people and in himself have met. At the Genoa commemoration of The Thousand he had his chance; and as much led as leader, he has found himself fulfilling the vow made at the grave of Carducci. And so the Dresden bookseller burns the poet's books.

ANNE MACDONELL.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters from Missouri

The Goose and the Golden Eggs

SIR: We have been greatly stirred these last months by announcements that because of the European war the United States would shortly capture the trade of the world. Our Chamber of Commerce has created a Foreign Trade section, and we have adopted resolutions urging the rehabilitation of our merchant marine. We are now much disturbed to hear that the LaFollette bill is going to put American shipping entirely out of business. In explanation we are told that both the House and the Senate are supposed to have indulged in the national sport of passing the buck, hoping that the bill would receive Mr. Wilson's veto. But it didn't, and everybody seems to be getting very excited about it all.

Somehow it appears to us, with our perspective—perhaps it is our ignorance instead—that a great many of our most popular writers have failed to read either the bill itself or the ingenious memorandum presented to Congress by Senator LaFollette on behalf of Mr. Furuseth and his fellow representative of the Seaman's Union. Of the two the latter document is the more illuminating. It is not so technical, and almost smells of the sea.

Mr. Furuseth pleads for the adoption of the bill which he is supposed to have written and which Senator LaFollette introduced. He aims to accomplish two things: to improve the standards of living for American sailormen, and to assure the safety of life at sea. He claims that the cost of running a ship depends not upon the flag she flies, but upon the port where she engages her crew. He recognizes that his bill may make it impossible for American shipowners profitably to operate their vessels in competition with foreigners. He therefore proposes in effect to facilitate desertion from visiting vessels, on the theory that foreign owners, by being forced to ship crews in American ports,

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will be obliged to offer the equivalent of American wages. Thus the cost of operating foreign-owned craft will be increased, and, Q. E. D., vessels flying the American flag and subject to our navigation laws will be able to drive them from the ocean. To bring this about it may be necessary to abrogate some twenty treaties or so, but that is a matter of comparative unimportance.

Mr. Furuseth's contentions about upbuilding our merchant marine have already been answered. From all sides we hear that steamers which, despite the handicap of our navigation laws, are still flying the American flag, will, because of the LaFollette bill, shortly be transferred to British registry. But here again Mr. Furuseth hopes to catch them. He knows that foreign vessels and American-owned ships under foreign flags will continue to enter and clear from American ports. Perhaps it didn't occur to him that thanks to the provisions of the Seaman's act those who do come and go will certainly charge higher freight rates for carrying goods from our seaboard, and that all will be inclined, as far as possible, to seek their cargoes elsewhere. This will mean that as far as the cost of transportation is concerned, American industry will be handicapped in competing for the markets of the world. American labor must necessarily be affected. This may not have entered into the calculations of those who supported this measure.

Safety at sea, however, is to be assured because seventy-five per cent of all crews must understand the orders of their officers, and because it is stipulated that a certain percentage of the deck force shall be qualified able seamen. In addition the memorandum urges, and the bill provides for, a stated number of lifeboats, life rafts and other appliances.

Aside from an interest in battleships and cruisers christened after neighboring states and cities, our naval experience has been limited to trips on the River and an occasional journey on the water-wagon. Yet somehow we can't help feeling that this bill is not going to do the trick. It is all very well to insist that there shall be a certain number of lifeboats and able seamen. But if desertion is made easy, won't there be danger from the lack of discipline and team play? Even a hand-picked crew is not altogether satisfactory if the picking be done every time a steamer crosses the ocean. The purposes of the bill may be admirable. This we do not doubt. And we believe that something should be done to accomplish the very ends it has in view. But Mr. Furuseth, to our rural minds, has not found the answer.

We confess a little diffidence in offering our solution. It rather seems to us that we'd better not try to tell the whole world just where it gets off. Frankly we are for an experiment in government-owned American ships, with trained and disciplined crews, officered by graduates of the Naval Academy or some maritime school to be created. By enlisting the men in a regular merchant service, the lack of crew drills which caused such loss of life on the Titanic and the Lusitania might be avoided. Such a fleet would cost a good deal to operate, but it would be effective, and some people we know would rather pay a little more and travel on ships manned in this way than take chances with miscellaneous crews under a foreign flag. Such a plan would at least keep us from interfering with other peoples' shipping business, while giving better living conditions and assuring the safety at sea which Mr. Furuseth desires. We confess, however, that while this looks after the passenger trade, we haven't quite thought out the freight problem.

But we don't believe that Mr. Furuseth has paid much attention to our foreign trade either. Perhaps American labor as well as American capital will do a little thinking along this line. It ought to, and so should Mr. Furuseth and Senator LaFollette. It is just as well that they should count the cost of measures like their Seaman's bill. Their humanitarian purpose should be applauded, but somehow we think that the whole problem needs a little more serious study from all its angles. Up to the present time the vital issues have not been made clear, to us at any rate. We like to listen to the Big Idea. But in doing so, Senator LaFollette and Mr. Furuseth and all the rest of us are now and then apt to be more intent on investigating the goose than in safeguarding the egg crop.

A. B. P.

Missouri.

The Basis for a New Protocol

SIR: Before the termination of the protocol in the New York garment trades, the commendation bestowed upon the manufacturers by impartial observers was generous and unstinted. The record of five years of good faith and sacrifice is now open for critical and fair examination.

What were the business reasons that led to the termination of the protocol—quite apart from the justifiable occasion for its termination? Are these reasons latent in the other protocols?

The report of the Industrial Council of Great Britain shows that it is the unanimous opinion of leading employers and trade unionists, as the result of wide and varied practical experience in collective bargaining, that if a considerable number of employers or workers are outside the "protocol" the thing is bound to break down. The cloak industry is not a "capitalistic" industry in the usually accepted meaning of this term; only a few hundred dollars are required to organize a shop. A worker or foreman, having saved the necessary amount, engages in business, and makes up his staff of workers from relatives or friends, immigrants who work under any and all conditions, only too ready to accept employment below union standards. This so-called "social" shop the union is unable to control. The union allegiance in such a shop is naturally weak, and the union officials naturally prefer the easier work of enforcing conditions in the larger shop units. In the "social" shop everything is easy. The boss gets along with his people and there are no "grievances." The small shops increase in number; new employers spring up over night. And the cost of manufacturing tells the tale to the Association employer. The difference in cost of labor cannot be accounted for by the difference in piece prices. It is made up by the opportunity in the "social" shop to work people longer hours, Saturday afternoons, holidays, to cut by piece instead of upon a week-work basis, to press by piece, and to do many other things forbidden by the protocol, and impossible in the Association shop. If the enforcement of sanitary standards were dependent upon "paper agreements" instead of upon regular, impartial investigation, how far would sanitary standards have been improved?

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The problem is not one of establishing new standards, or standardizing piece prices, as some of THE NEW REPUBLIC contributors seem to think. It is the problem of enforcing standards already fixed and agreed upon.

Suppose you were a member of the Protective Association, having given up energy to strengthen the union for a better joint work with the Association in uplifting the industry. Suppose these "social" shop employers had organized a rival association. Suppose the newspapers reported that the union was working under another agreement with this Association, and suppose that the union, admitting that there would be a distinct breach of good faith on its part if the facts were true, denied the allegation. Then suppose that three or four years later you found unmistakable and official confirmation of the existence of such a working agreement. Would you feel that the union was cooperating with your organization?

That is precisely our situation. Our Association, through the "preferential union shop," was strengthening the union, while the union was working upon plans that made for the Association's injury. The Association was at peace with the union, but the union was at war with the Association. The social reformer has regarded the protocol not merely as a peace document, but as a method for improving industry by joint control. So has the enlightened manufacturer. On the other hand, the radical socialist regards it as an additional weapon with which to hit the employer. The political unionist is interested in large numbers, in strengthening the union as a political factor. The enlightened employer is interested in increasing the efficiency of individual men. Here is a conflict, which sooner or later must come to the surface.

It is the real meaning of the "discharge" issue. Your contributors think the matter of discharge can be easily explained upon the theory that the employers want an unlimited right to discharge in order to have the whip-hand over price committees. The matter is not so simple. The cases where the power of discharge was actually used against price committeemen during the five years were negligibly small. The records show that in all meritorious cases the Association protected the union. Discharges because of activity upon price committees are discharges for "union activity" and have always been so treated. Full review of the facts in all such cases was freely conceded by the employers.

The fact is that a large influx of workers from other industries followed the establishment of the protocol, due to the higher rates of wages established in this industry as compared with the men's clothing and other kindred industries. Now the union puts forth the broad claim that no matter how these men have been brought into the industry, the industry at large must care for them. This is its social plea. It is, from the union viewpoint, good organization politics—"a permanent job for everybody who belongs to the union." This theory, however, is not workable in an industry in which so large an influx of casual and untrained workers takes place continually. New York City is the chief port of immigration, and every ship in normal times brings new recruits. In addition, this industry is a highly seasonal industry. Although greater regularity of employment is desirable for the employer as well as for the workers and the public, up to the present time the employers' proposals insuring greater regularity of employment have all been rejected by the union. The writer regards the proposals put forward by the manufacturers as the most advanced socially ever submitted by an employers' association to a union. The workers are to-day, for lack of agreement between the parties, all "employees at will," that is, their term of employment is without definite time and every worker is, as the union repeatedly claims, free to leave his job at any time. This point of view was accepted only recently by the arbitrator under the Philadelphia cloak protocol, and we understood was endorsed by our own Board of Arbitration.

The union's insistence upon "equal distribution of work" brought our situation to a head. This claim, in brief, means that no matter how little work there may be in a shop, all workers, old, new, regular, casual, or otherwise, must share in it equally, and the employer may not offer regular or longer employment to any. Of course, the result is that all standards of efficiency and discipline in the shop go to smash. It means that no employee can be discharged—though he may leave of his own accord at any time, even at the peak of the season—without a "review"; and on such review, if it be not shown by affirmative proof that he had committed some offense or was utterly incompetent, he would be reinstated. This is the point of conflict. The employer is only too glad to pick out and keep efficient men from season to season, but he insists that he has the right to pick out the men whom he is to keep and that the protocol guaranteed that freedom of selection to him. (Paragraph XIV.)

It is this clash of conflicting social theories underlying the "discharge" and "equal distribution of work" issues that makes for real alarm. Under it the machinery of the protocol broke down, as any machinery will break down under such a strain. The employers genuinely believe that in resisting these inroads, insisting upon efficiency in shop operation and offering greater length of service to the efficient, they are making a national fight for principle, quite as sound and fundamentally the same as the successful fight in 1910 against the "closed shop." If the employers are mistaken in their view, they must be convinced. May the writer observe that impugning their motives will not have the effect of correcting their judgment?

The writer hopes a new protocol will be made. But he doubts whether it will come about. The union is obstinate, and the representatives of the public in the situation have been unable to avert the crisis. If the employers are right, this inroad upon industry must be stopped. They are not frightened at the prospect either of shop strikes or general strikes. These are less costly than the destruction permanently of the industry through the propaganda now under way. The union cannot indulge in the luxury of general strikes every year, and the employer who treats his efficient crew fairly, pays them wages higher than the prevailing standards, and regards them as human beings, has nothing to fear from the union. On the other hand, if he is to aid again in carrying the load of an entire industry upon his shoulders, he has the right to ask that the union be put upon a basis that will make cooperative, constructive effort practicable.

ONE OF THE MANUFACTURERS.

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The Heart of the People

AS a would-be democrat, I should like to believe passionately in the movies. I am told constantly of their great educational possibilities. By the innocent and ubiquitous movies we are to be made over, insensibly led to higher things. Buoyed by such hopes, I go with ever-renewed courage. But into that democrat that I long to be I shall never be made by such exhibitions as "The White Terror," "an educational feature film in four reels," sponsored by the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Experience it seems has proved that the public does not take kindly to pure "education" in the movies. The "education" has had to be smeared on in the spots where was thought it would best stick. The first object of the deviser of this film had been to tell a dramatic story, and from the meticulous care with which it was presented one could not doubt that every detail had been ingeniously arranged to meet some deep public hunger.

It was exciting. Love, crime, political corruption, industrial exploitation, social service, redemption, pathos and personal hygiene were woven into an unforgettable work of art. The climax came when, after a long and blissful kiss between the happily healed and reconciled daughter of the ruthless but reformed patent-medicine magnate and her valiant lover, this hopeful quotation from Pasteur was thrown upon our gaze: "It is possible to banish from the earth all such parasitic germ diseases within a generation." Although our sophisticated social-worker group burst into unanimous glee, there lingered the horrible suspicion that that fifty per cent of the public who would see it were not supposed to laugh.

But when my mirth had flowed away from me I realized that I could not put the thing down to the low intelligence of a dear deluded public. This is what comes of being a democrat. You have to take a great many things seriously that your fathers would have been quite serene about. I wanted to find this drama natural and moving, shot through with personal and social motives that represented for me, as they must for my "fifty per cent of the people" my interpretations of life. And to find it not only not harmless but all crooked and unreal, was to fall into a very unpleasant embarrassment. My conscience would have been appeased, I think, if the acting had been good. I seem to recall Italian melodramas in Rome that were done with such verve on the cinema as to be quite passionately convincing. But these Americans were quite wooden. Only the little children were appealing as they ran to their mother, lying dead from too much devotion to "Sacc-Ozone, Nature's Only Cure for Consumption." Otherwise emotion such as Brand's, whom the daughter of the masterful president will not marry until he has performed some good deed which will render him worthy of her, is expressed by rolling the eyeballs. The good deed is to buy up the newspaper which is exposing the rotten labor conditions in the mills and the poisonous shams of "Nature's Only Cure." A war of masterful men ensues, done through much stalking about with high hats and long cigars, much sticking of powerful jaws into one another's faces, and a final realistic dynamiting scene in which the faithful partner of the president blows up the newspaper office and himself with it.

Swift upon the crime follows nemesis. The lovely daughter contracts the dread disease. I hope the movies don't see many such scenes of bathos as this in which the father comes with a touching smile and presents his daughter with a bottle of his interesting compound of opium and arsenic. Fortunately the doctor intervenes. Enter "education," with its sanatoriums and open-air schools and all the proper ways to cure consumption. The father falls upon his desk, a broken man, while lines of skeletons poring over his advertisements pass before his eyes, and serried rows of gravestones haunt him, each marking the effect of a bottle of his poison. But presto! all is redeemed. A sumptuous banquet is given the reconciled pair, the father announces a gift of a tuberculosis sanatorium to the city, the bad man is redeemed into a philanthropist, the daughter is healed, the lover rewarded, and excellent moral and hygienic lessons are implanted in the heart of the American people.

After "The White Terror," I begin to feel like an esoteric little bubble on a great stream of the common life. What makes me laugh or blush doesn't make my fifty per cent of the people laugh or blush. But I do not like to have my democracy thus assailed. I should like to dismiss it all as mere old-fashioned melodrama in a modern setting. But "The White Terror" didn't seem to have even the virtues of melodrama. Melodrama was essentially the heroism of the child's Big-Injun age, tainted with calf-love, but at least untainted with current moral and social issues. It had an element of the timeless. And it was passionately believed in. It represented a genuine stage in the development of the soul. Melodrama was not quackery, but this current rubbish is. It catches the social cant of the day. It crudely parodies ideals. See how our fifty per cent interprets graft. The still unredeemed magnate and his lieutenant stride into the mayor's office with their hats on and say, "We have decided to make you mayor next year. But you will have to do what we tell you!" Out goes at once to the local tuberculosis committee a very ungrammatical letter announcing that the city's funds forbid the erection of the proposed municipal sanatorium. No time can be lost in the movies or in the movie interpretation of life.

I have to take "The White Terror" seriously, because it is as scientific a record as a statistical graph. Like the popular novel, it marks the norm of what happy and hearty America is attending to. Melodrama used to be bad form, but the movies are good form for almost all classes. This is the great public of a generation which has had universal common school education, free libraries, museums, cheap journals, and books, on a scale known to no generation in history. This is what we get out of it all.

I don't mean that it would have been any better if they had all chosen Renaissance pictures or Ibsen plays or Dante. I feel even a certain unholy glee at this wholesale rejection of what our fathers reverenced as culture. But I don't feel any glee about what is substituted for it. We seem to be witnessing a lowbrow snobbery. In a thousand ways it is as tyrannical and arrogant as the other culture of universities and millionaires and museums. I don't know which ought to be more offensive to a true democrat—this or the cheapness of the current life that so sadly lacks any raciness or characteristic savor. It looks as if we should have to resist the stale culture of the masses as we resist the stale culture of the aristocrat. It is very easy to be lenient and pseudo-human, and call it democracy. Perhaps there is no third alternative. But if there is—if there are moods and values in our current life which are at once native and significant—we can scarcely pursue them too avidly or express them too loudly. Such an enterprise of thought would be the democratic thing that the current popularities are emphatically not.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

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Books and Things

IT was off and on through a wakeful night that I read this book. This I read while waiting for an honest broker to impart the bad news. This I read after eating too much luncheon. Which of these sentences tells the truth about the book reviewer? He hardly ever lets us know, yet his review is dyed in circumstance of this order. Nor should we be less surprised, most of us, if he told us such things than if he mentioned his pulse, temperature, or systolic and diastolic blood pressure. We prefer to take him for granted as a reviewer without moods, precisely as we take our own freedom from moods for granted when we're talking about a book we've just read. Such a convention is a convenience, precisely as it is convenient to forget that nearly every book makes upon nearly every reviewer more or fewer impressions than he records, that in choosing among his impressions he has an unconscious preference for those which can be made to hang together, that even those impressions which he does choose are somewhat deformed by the act of composition. Whether I like a book or not I am always let down a little by the mere fact of finishing it. Nor do I ever begin to review it without feeling depressed by the obligation to write. Yet what would be the use of recording, in every review or in any, these by no means unusual feelings? Am I the less sincere because I try hard to wipe every trace of them away?

These remarks are occasioned by the discovery of a book review which is almost fifteen years old, and as to which I am quite unable to recall my mood at the time of writing. "Unlike 'The Awkward Age' and 'The Other House,'" I said, "Mr. James's latest book, 'The Sacred Fount,' contains nothing to make one think of his essays in dramaturgy. It associates itself with 'The Turn of the Screw,' with certain stories in 'The Soft Side,' with that part of his work in which he tries to bring spirit directly in contact with spirit, to overcome the material obstacles to their intercourse. It differs from them in this, that it is less frankly supernatural, that it attempts to get by nature results which 'over-nature' alone can give. 'The Sacred Fount' is a ghost story in which there are no ghosts. Like most of his later books, works of difficulty and charm, it is not easy to attend to, though it makes one eager to attend to it. The inferences which may be drawn, without too much exertion, by an ordinary reader of 'The Other House,' and which only an exceptionally alert reader of 'The Awkward Age' can draw with the required frequency, are in 'The Sacred Fount' drawn for us by the narrator, who is, I imagine, not altogether different from the reader whom Mr. James might think worth pleasing. Nothing escapes this perspicacious, constructive observer. From remarks which have the air of being ordinary remarks, from juxtapositions that most of us would have been content, if we regarded them at all, to regard as accidents, his sleepless ingenuity, his morbid vigilance, builds an astonishing edifice of theory.

"The relations of character to character are not so many as in 'The Awkward Age,' but those which are presented at all are examined still more relentlessly. The work of omission is carried further. Nothing is left of a single character save that which enables him or her to bear a certain relation to somebody else, and to be affected by that relation in a particular way. Though adultery happens to be the soil in which these relations flourish, this circumstance is plainly, for Mr. James, of little importance. In itself adultery does not interest him. What he cares for, and cares for with steady intensity, is to make out the new and complicated feelings derived from a situation so old, and, in the world presented in 'The Sacred Fount,' so common. Throughout the book, save for such an occasional beautiful passage as that which fixes a moment in the waning summer day, Mr. James's narrator gives us no hint of care for anything else. This preoccupation imparts to the book an uncanny unity. Everything appears in the light of an insane obsession. A curiosity not vulgar, though bent exclusively upon men and women taken in adultery, an intellectual curiosity, active at every moment, fatiguing, monstrous—this pervades Mr. James's latest work of art.

"It is noticeable that a man who has had so many interests, to whom life has made its appeal from so many sides, should have left so many things out of his maturest works. They contain little to feed the ear, little except now and then an exquisite landscape to feed the eye. Now and then Mr. James pauses to render some aspect of fallen light, of silence broken by sounds that make it deeper. But nearly all the stuff of human interests is omitted. Little is presented except the power to feel, in special predicaments, in very special ways, in ways that surprise and touch one by their unexpectedness and beauty. Mr. James tries often, and seldom fails to give one—from incidents so apparently trivial as the trying on, by a young woman, of a pair of glasses; from sights not more startling than a man standing smoking a cigarette, on a terrace, in a summer evening, alone—a sense of adventure. But what he finally teaches, so far as he may be said to teach anything, is that the adventure which endures, which never loses its edge, is either to feel or to appreciate feeling.

"The defect of Mr. James's method is not that he tries to appreciate too nicely, but that he tries too hard. The attention which he pays, and makes his successful readers pay, is too concentrated. In the end I fall to wondering whether an equal nicety might not be attainable by a method more casual, more negligent of the things described. I wonder also at his ability to remain so long, and without one redeeming sign of fatigue, in an attitude so eagerly curious. A little ease, a touch of unconcern—these are the missing qualities one longs for. The picture is spoiled not because the painter has taken too much pains, but because he has included his pains in the picture."

When that review was written I was certain that in "The Sacred Fount" from me no secrets were hid, that I understood. Yet nowhere in the review, reread to-day, is the knowledge so painfully won handed on to anybody else. That knowledge must have perished soon after the review was born. When I read "The Sacred Fount" over again, a few years ago, I didn't feel at all certain what Mr. James was up to. Was I right fourteen years ago? Was I right at the time of rereading this most difficult of his books? Or was I never right about it? These are leading questions. They lead directly into wonder whether the reviews I've written this winter, if they should turn up again fifteen years hence, would seem equally far from contact with the authors reviewed. But the questions are not wholly disheartening. On the contrary, they should encourage a reviewer to set down his impressions with confidence, to remember that unless one achieves dogmatism when "fresh from perusal," when impressions are vivid and contradictory, dogmatism will never be achieved.

P. L.

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A Far Country

A Far Country, by Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

IN "Mr. Crewe's Career" it is the hero's father who is a part of the political and corporation machine. As soon as the hero has thoroughly grasped the aims and consequences of this activity he condemns it. In Mr. Churchill's new novel, "A Far Country," the hero, Hugh Paret, is himself a most effective part of a machine which has its way with state legislatures and city councils, and sends to Washington a senator, kindly and able, who has done his share toward keeping corruption in existence, who has profited by his labors, and who has remained what used to be called personally incorruptible.

We make Hugh Paret's acquaintance when he is still a small boy, living in a medium-sized city for which young Pittsburgh might have served as a model. Hugh's is an unawakened boyhood, filled with longings which his high-minded and scrupulous Presbyterian father does not understand and represses. At school Hugh does his lessons so badly that when school days are over, and many of his friends are going to Eastern colleges, he is put into the wholesale grocery business. Here he does his work well, determined to satisfy an ambition which has suddenly come to him, and of which a determination to show Nancy Willett what is in him is one of the causes. This ambition has, however, nothing to do with wholesale groceries. With the aid of a tutor Hugh gives his evenings to study, passes his examinations for Harvard a year after leaving school, and is allowed by his father to see what Harvard will do with him.

At Harvard, a rather unreal and imperfectly realized Harvard, he discovers in himself, with the help of an instructor who has a keen eye for the real thing, an aptitude for writing. For a while the flame burns brightly, until Hugh meets an old friend, a successful corporation lawyer from his own city. Hugh admires the ease with which this man imposes himself upon the rich Easterners who surround him, and a new and fiercer ambition drives out the old. Even when he was a small boy, discerning elders noticed a streak of unscrupulousness in Hugh. He makes up his mind to succeed.

Success comes to him. After leaving the Harvard Law School he enters the office of the friend whose success determined Hugh's choice of a profession, keeps his eyes open, and learns things. Gradually he arrives at a perfect understanding of the forces really in command of his city. "I remember well," he says, "an old-fashioned picture-puzzle in one of my boyhood books. The scene depicted was to all appearances a sylvan, peaceful one, with two happy lovers seated on a log beside a brook; but presently, as one gazed at the picture, the head of an animal stood forth among the branches, and then the body; more animals began to appear, bit by bit; a tiger, a bear, a lion, a jackal, a fox—until at last, whenever I looked at the page, I did not see the sylvan scene at all, but only the predatory beasts of the forest. So, one by one, the figures of the real rulers of the city superimposed themselves for me upon the simple and democratic design. . . ."

Hugh is astute in his conduct of the negotiations entrusted to him. By being faithful over a few things he comes little by little to be ruler over many things. He knows the ways by which legislatures, city councils, governors and judges can be made to do what the growing and always hungry corporations want, he is apt at devising laws and other schemes by which the corporations can gain their ends. He gets money and power and reputation.

Meanwhile, having failed to marry Nancy Willett, the woman he loves best but not enough, Hugh has married Maude Hutchins, and three children are born to them. He neglects his children and his wife. He has almost no genuine friends, men whom he is willing to waste time with, disinterestedly. He never reads books. His attention is concentrated upon success.

After Nancy has married for money, and has established herself securely at the very top of the social heap, Hugh's love for her comes to life again and takes possession of him. Their love story is less conventional, except in details, than any other that Mr. Churchill has imagined. Hugh's conversion, too, marks an advance both in truth and in art. Many causes contribute to it—the state of mind into which he is thrown by the sudden ending of his love affair with Nancy, the death of Herrmann Krebs, the radical lawyer with whom Hugh has all his life from time to time been confronted, and each time with forward-pointing significance. But the deepest cause of Hugh's change is also the simplest. He is not, he never was, the kind of man to be permanently satisfied with the life he has led so successfully. This life has indeed been lived in a far country, and his true home is elsewhere. In an American novel, when you find the field of conversion narrowed, when you find a convert converted from a faith he was constitutionally unfit to live by forever, you have reason to be thankful.

It is a pity that Mr. Churchill's attitude toward the opinions which the years bring to Hugh should resemble Hugh's own attitude so closely. Hugh believes he will find his highest satisfaction in devoting himself to his children, in giving them a wiser education than his own, in doing what he can to keep them from repeating his errors. He believes truth is something that his parents didn't know and that he may learn by study. He sees the struggle between privilege and the critics of privilege as in itself it really is. His eyes behold a harmony between all that is truest in religion and all that is newest in natural science. Such an attitude, natural enough in Hugh, is credulous in Hugh's creator. One longs for a hint that Hugh's children may some day try to keep their errors from being repeated in their children's lives. One would be grateful for a hint that Mr. Churchill sees Hugh's new truths as possibly nothing more than "a wind of doctrine." A man of action is bound to act as if his present belief were final, but a novelist, especially one who describes past changes so well, would gain for his story an imaginative background if he hinted that the future might be equally changing and fluid.

Mr. Churchill has never drawn women so well as men. His love scenes are nearly always his least good scenes. The love passages in "A Far Country" are very curious. They sound as if Mr. Churchill were still a believer in several conventions about sex. They are wholly passionless, a little bookish, poor in their words. But this, you object, is probably what a great many love scenes are like? Possibly, and if Mr. Churchill's attitude toward them were a little different all would be well. You suspect the author of sharing an emotion he attributes to the lovers. You accuse him of being the dupe of his love scenes. By treating his lovers as if they too spoke dialect, as if he were aware that even sincere love may have its comic side, Mr. Churchill would give his love scenes a different value, would mitigate the demand they now make to be taken with literal good faith.

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Mr. Churchill is not at his best when he paints "sympathetic" characters, their relations, or their inner life. He is at his best when he paints portraits of a community, of the life led in an American city during the late seventies and early eighties, by pioneers growing old among their traditions, among scruples dying without issue. Equally good is his picture of the city's growth, of its transformation into an industrial city which the corporations rule, of the reaching out and combining of these corporations, of the kind of man who makes them and serves them and buys what they need from legislative and executive and judicial officeholders. Another picture, less detailed but as vivid, shows us revolt in its infancy. Mr. Churchill has given us in "A Far Country" a lively sense of the historical march of things. He is alert, observing, kindly, humorous, intelligent, but neither reflective nor searching. His is a descriptive and narrative talent. He is an admirable painter of the passage of time over American states and cities, of their abiding and changing characteristics.

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Platonism in Politics

Political Thought in England from Herbert Spencer to To-day, by Ernest Barker. (Home University Library.) New York: Henry Holt and Co. 50 cents net.

WHEN peace has at last been signed, and the world becomes in some sort a reasonable place, Englishmen will be compelled to turn to the reconstruction of their political life. What is the mental attitude in which they will approach that task? Whence will be drawn its deepest inspiration? To these questions Mr. Barker's book is in some sort an answer.

It is a valuable book. To an Oxford man it reads with much of that genial incisiveness most characteristic of Mr. Barker's mind. Certain things are to him—and to Oxford men in general—necessary assumptions. There is, for example, a clear division between theory and practice. "Theory studies the pure instance," Mr. Barker writes, "if practice has to reckon with variations." And so we have a political philosophy built up from the consideration of these pure instances. You visualize the Russian, the Englishman, the German; each is one and indivisible. You do not think of them as of innumerable grades and classes—the English docker at Wapping, the retired colonel in the Army and Navy Club, the jaded professor in the backwoods of a Welsh university—you synthesize them, somewhat mysteriously, into a new and single being. So, too, with ideas and institutions. Only practice has to reckon with variations.

I think that in essence Mr. Barker is fairly representative of the general Oxford outlook. He believes that the sciences deal, not in terms of value, but in terms of description. They supply only the subject-matter of his philosophy. This he can sort neatly, and with remarkable ingenuity, into its "types," the assumption being—we are back again at Plato—that each type reflects at bottom some essential "idea."

It is important to realize the meaning of this philosophical outlook. Oxford has made tacit claim, not without justice, to be the nursing-ground of English statesmanship. Her statesmen—Canning, Peel, Gladstone—her administrators, her proconsuls, have all been in a special sense "Oxford men." Theirs has been a training in which the acceptance of Platonism, filtered during the last generation through the fine sieve of T. H. Green and Edward Caird, has played chief part. They have gone out into the world instinctively assuming that they would find men reduced to types just as tables are ultimately reduced to the idea of table; variations, of course, they would find, but these would be accidental, and not of the essence of things. Lord Curzon's rule in India, where, clearly, for him India meant a single, simple Hindu, to be regimented according to an "idea" of how to treat subject-peoples—of which the germ was present in Aristotle—was the expression of this standpoint. Mr. Asquith's mind works in a not dissimilar way. His extraordinarily injudicious treatment of the militant suffragists, for instance, can best be explained by the assumption that he had formed for himself a type-suffragist to whom, as his standard of the "pure" instance, the *Ding an sich,* he referred all variations. I need not dwell upon the results of that error of judgment. One thinks, too, of Mr. Gladstone treating poor Queen Victoria as a public meeting, simply because to him "man" could be intoxicated by the exuberance of Mr. Gladstone's own verbosity. Or, lastly, this same outlook is seen in the vague personalization of Germany as a single German, of England as that large-toothed monster of the Munich *Simplicissimus,* which stands so much in the way of international understanding.

All this, of course, is only implied in Mr. Barker's philosophy; but it has consequences it is well to understand. Oxford is going to play a large part in the making of a new England. Can she do so at all adequately unless she realizes that however valuable this "qualitative" outlook may be, the fundamental outlook to-day must be—I am using Mr. Graham Wallas' admirable terms—"quantitative" in texture? We do not legislate for a typical

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"England" and a typical "Englishman." We legislate for England that varies from Belgravia to Bow, and for Englishmen who vary, even at Oxford, from Mr. F. H. Bradley to Dr. Schiller. We legislate, in fact, for a community in which we have to take account not only of the state—which, as Mr. Barker has well said, is liable today to serious discredit—but also of churches, trade-unions, employers' associations, corps of National and Ulster Volunteers, each of which stands on its own feet, each of which demonstrates that society to be pluralist and not monist in its nature. In fact, as William James saw, the fundamental problem is just this of the One and the Many. For us there is not Man but men, not the State, but a federation of competing associations. For Mr. Barker this Manyness is Oneness in the end.

It is a brilliant defence of his position, this book, the more brilliant because Mr. Barker is, politically, a radical, and deeply compromised to sympathy with all that makes for social advance. So, of course, is modern Oxford—no longer the home of lost causes, but of causes that are yet to be won. But surely, however greatly we may welcome the fact of this sympathy, it is the attitude of mind in which we translate it into terms of political activity that really matters. Now it seems clear that if we are going to legislate, we have got to become inductive-minded. We have got to conceive of men not as pathetic deviations from some "economic man," or "political man," or "psychological man," or any other example *hujus omnis generis*. We have got to carry in our minds a picture of men that corresponds to something like the curves with which Professor Karl Pearson is making us increasingly, if reluctantly, familiar. We shall remember, too, that each unit in those curves is a human being, and if we emphasize his identity with his fellow-men, we shall also emphasize his uniqueness. We shall recognize the reality of that separateness. If at bottom theory is unconcerned with it because it deals only with the "pure" instance, we shall desert a theory so poor and naked, and invent a new theory more consonant with the appearances that in the life we know have hardened into realities. I think, in fact, that in political theory we shall be compelled, if we are to do useful work, to be radical empiricists.

Oxford, if she is to bear her natural part in this renascence, must admit the growth of knowledge. Things like experimental psychology and biometry must be allowed their chance to contribute to our understanding. We must admit our types as true only to the extent of their utility. Our classifications must be elastic, quick, and mobile, that is to say human. We may reverence Plato and Hegel. That is no reason for excluding James and Ebbinghaus.

That brings me back to Mr. Barker. His is a delightfully written and ably argued discussion of the modern trend in political thought. Some of it, as, for example, the chapter on T. H. Green, and the discussion of Maitland's view of legal personality, is very good writing and better analysis. If the intimate dissection of Herbert Spencer is the flogging of a very dead horse, that is Herbert Spencer's fault and not Mr. Barker's. It is too—one writes the word gladly—a very human book, that not only because it records the opinion of men, but also because it is the reflexion of a finely arresting personality. If, in fundamentals, one finds oneself differing from Mr. Barker, one finds oneself also regretting it and, even more, doubting very seriously—perhaps re-testing is the better word—one's own conclusions. And an old pupil may be pardoned for exclaiming that he would dearly like to be back in Oxford to talk it all over with Mr. Barker.

HAROLD LASKI.

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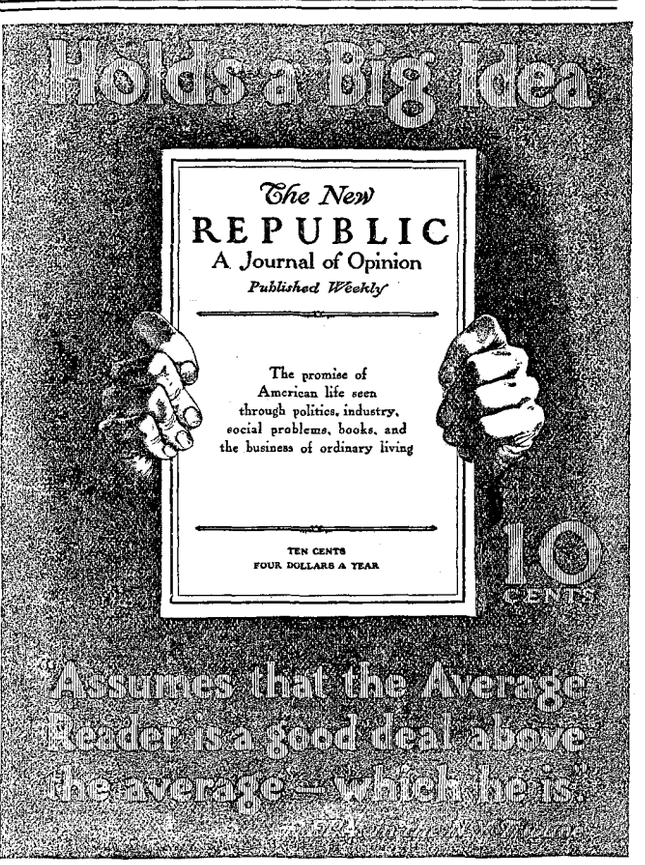
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